

THE
LOVER'S LUCK:
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre in Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields,

BY
His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. *DILKE*.

——— *Habet Comædia tanto ;
Plus Oneris quanto veniæ minus.*

Hor.

L O N D O N :

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Pierce fund

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Lord R A B Y.

M Y L O R D,

Since I must own this Comedy, which I now humbly Present to Your Lordship, to be very deficient, I am sure I have done well to make choice of a Patron so able to protect it, as Your Lordship is. I am heartily willing to confess my want of Ability in writing; but am proud of an opportunity to record the General Approbation the Town has been pleas'd to afford me; a great share of which must be attributed to Your Lordship's Appearance on my behalf.

I have been long desirous of making some evident Acknowledgments for the Favours I have received at Your Lordship's hands. And however I have now fail'd in my Performance, I have done my self right in publishing my Thanks; Returns which are most justly due to Your Lordship: To You, my Lord, whose early Actions I have seen with Admiration; and whose future Atchievements will, I am confident, be answerable to the Honours which are

The Epistle Dedicatory.

devolv'd to You from a most Noble and Heroick Ancestor. I shall herein wave any thing that may have the least resemblance to Flattery in respect to Your Lordship, or to Ostentation as to my self; and so far deviate from the common method of Epistles Dedicatory, that I shall not trouble Your Lordship with a single Quotation. What Acquaintance I have with Criticisms, I will never shew by collecting Sentences, nor by reciting the Names of Authors, lest at the same time I should discover my want of those most essential parts which I ought to have retain'd in reading them. If for the future I shall be able to accomplish what will be any ways suitable to the Encouragement Your Lordship has been pleas'd to bestow on me, it will wholly answer the Intentions, as well as the Ambition, of,

M Y L O R D,

Your Lordship's Most Obliged,

Most Humble, and

Most Obedient Servant,

T H O. D I L K E.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Hodgson.

WELL! Now for a kind-hearted Pitt to day,
To hide the Blushes of a Virgin Play.
Oh Pox! Here's store of old Campaigning Faces;
Faith, Criticks, now you'd best to quit your Places;
These are the Men, that point of Honour know,
And will be gen'rous even to a Foe:
Whilst you your sparkling brutish Rage display,
And Cannibal like, upon each other Prey.

From the nice powder'd Sparks we little fear,
Their Judgment only does in Dress appear;
Nor need we care, how much we do expose
Those tame unthinking Animals, the Beaux,
Who still are Satyr-Proof, bet ne're so keen;
They'll all things bear, rather than not be seen.

But welcome now, you She-obliging Cits,
Who gull your Husbands to equip the Wits,
Leaving the Drones to mind their Cheating Tasks,
And hither flock, prink'd up in Vizor-Masks:
So may your Issue still supply the Stage,
And furnish Scandal for th' ensuing Age.

To the Ladies.

And now to you, the Glorians of our Isle,
Give but to day one kind consenting Smile;
I will more than doubly pay the Poet's Toil.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Nicholas Purflew,	Joint-Guardian to his Niece,	
	Mrs. Purflew, a formal Herald and Antiquary,	Mr. Bright.
Alderman Whim,	The other Joint-Guardian to Mrs. Purflew, her Uncle by her Mother's side, a Protector and Humorist,	Mr. Underhill.
Bellair,	A Flanders-Collonel in love with Mrs. Purflew,	Mr. Betterton.
Breviat,	A Lawyer of the Temple, a Pretender to Mrs. Purflew, by the Interest of the Alderman,	Mr. Freeman.
Goosandelo,	A Self-admiring Fop, a Pretender to Mrs. Purflew, by Sir Nicholas's Interest,	Mr. Bowman.
Eager,	A Sharper of the Town, that lives by Pimping and Cheating,	Mr. Bowen.
Sapless,	A raw Cheshire Squire,	Mr. Dogget.
Jocund,	Boy to Collonel Bellair,	Mrs. Ayloff.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Purflew,	Neice to Sir Nicholas and the Alderman, an Heiress and great Fortune,	Mrs. Bracegirale.
Mrs. Plyant,	Her Cousin and Confident, of no Fortune, and of light Inclinations.	Mrs. Bowman.
Vesuvia,	A Woman of the Town,	Mrs. Lee.
Sprightly,	An old House-keeper to Sir Nicholas and the Alderman,	Mrs. Lawfon.
Landlady,	To Collonel Bellair.	Mrs. Perin.

Tipstaff, Constables, Bullies, and Servants.

The SCENE in L O N D O N.

THE Lover's Luck.

ACT I.

SCENE *the Temple Walks.*

Eager meeting Breviat.

Eager, G'Morrow Mr. *Breviat* ; I'm taking a Mouth full of your *Temple* Air: But I profess it is so blow'd upon by the *White-Fryars* Knights of the Post, the Noble Attestors of your study'd Frauds and Falshoods, that 'tis dangerous giving it Reception in an honest Breast.

Breviat, You are very Conscientious *Eager*,——And speak as if your Profession was a Secret.

Eag. I dare own my Profession, and justify my self a generous publick spirited Person, a Promoter of civil Understanding, and a charitable Procurer of Fellow-feeling betwixt both Sexes, in order to the Establishing the mutual Correspondence of Mankind——Whilst you Wranglers, at the Bar, disturb the Peace and Repose of all Men; then basely build your Fortunes upon your own Client's Ruin.

Bre. Prithee leave this Railing,——And communicate some of your Instructions for the effectual prosecution of my Amour I told you of.

Eag. Oh!——with the great Heiress Mrs. *Purfleet*; ——Why look you now, here you find the want of my Faculty already——managing a Match, and procuring a Mistress, is still Pimping——though by distinct Methods we attain our different Ends.

Enter Bellair, Jocond, and Servants with Baggage, as just Landed.

Bellair, Go *Jocond*, get my things to my Lodgings, and call at my Taylors, and the Exchange, and——bid them send home what I writ for.

Jocond, Yes Sir.——Now must I quest amongst a Covey of Strumpets; All the *Eringo* my Master has been chawing this Voyage, won't supply a single Pittance to each of the Game I shall spring. [Exit with Servants.]

Eag. Ods so, here comes Col. *Bellair*——by his Garb, I belive just arrived.

Brev. Col. you're welcome back to England——I won't ask how stand Affairs in Flanders, since your safe return will atone for the loss of Hundreds.

Eag. I am confident the hearty Jollys of the *Old Devil*, as well as the buxom She's about *Covent-Garden*, will subscribe to Mr. *Breviat's* Opinion.

Bell. Your Servant Gentlemen——What do you entertain a Stranger with Rail-
lery?

lery? But I am glad to find the same gaiety of Humour reigns with you still. —
Eager thou look'it very Spruce, — Do lucky Hits fall apace? But thy Calling can never be at a stand, whilst either young Fools have Money, or the old ones Leachery. — You see I must go and Accouter. For the present adieu. [Exit.]

Eag. See how heavily the Col. walks, with a score or two of dead Men in each Pocket, and half a dozen of vacant Commissions.

Brev. I don't grudge him the fruits of his Fatigues, — Since he's a brave, honest, generous Gentleman. — I think he has 'scap'd without the Badge of a single Scar.

Eag. Though he has lost no Blood this Summer, yet he has sweat for't sufficiently, and has swell'd out his Honour in a graceful Chair of State. — I heard that he was laid up Stewing all the beginning of the Campaign.

Brev. O sy! — *Eager*, thou art ill-natur'd.

Eag. The truth on't is, I ought to be silent — For I know I shall be employ'd by him — I must hunt the City for some Merchants Prentices, that have broke into their Master's Cash; or some young Recreants of the Law, that have made themselves Purfes by a decent Robbery of their Father's, or some rich Uncles; — So they shall have Commissions, and handsome retreats to the Army. And the Col. shall have his Recruits made, and I shall have my Snacks — And so that business is done.

Brev. I find you are very instrumental in military Promotions; — Is that the way to Preferment?

Eag. That's a safe way to the first step; but there's another, a sure Card to Advancement for such as have an exquisite Knowledge in my honourable Vocation of Pimping; as prostrating a handsome Relation, or so.

Brev. But, what a Pox, is this to my business? — my little charming *Purslew*, and those killing Graces, of her Manners, Lands and Tenements.

Eag. I must confess her well stuffed Purfes are weighty Perfections, had she no other.

Brev. 'Sbud they are — I would willingly shake hands with this crabbed Study of the Law, with all the dull Ribaldry of Infeoffment, Disseizins, Vowchings, and the Divel and all.

Eag. A — h, That black old Gentlemen you speak of, was the first of your Employ, he suid out a Writ of Ejectment against poor Father *Adam*.

Brev. And I don't care if he claims his Right to the whole Tribe of Gown-men Ecclesiastical and Civil. — If I get my Mistress, he shall have nothing to say to me, on that score, I promise him. — Therefore, prithee, let's come to the Point — thou know'it I won't be backward to whet thy Invention. — There honest *Eager*, do't understand the Language of old *Jacobus*'s? [Gives him Money.]

Eag. Ay, Sir, now you say something to the purpose. — Then to be plain and short with you.

Brev. Come — begin then.

Eag. I have already told you something of Alderman *Whim*'s Humour. — He has a greater Influence over his Niece *Purslew*, than her other Uncle Sir *Nicholas*, who is joyn't Trustee with him.

Brev. Good —

Eag. And though the young Lady be enjoy'd by Will not to Marry till Eighteen, without the consent of both Uncles; yet I am confident the Alderman alone is able

to effect the business, — the being already of that Age, or very near the matter, though kept in Ignorance of it.

Brev. Very well.

Eag. You must know both the Uncles design to make their Markets — Yet will not trust each other: Therefore you must come down a good handsome Donative to the Alderman, which will bring him to treat of further Terms.

Brev. A lusty round Bribe you mean. — I believe you're much in the right on't, for that's the chief Spring in all the grand Movements of both Church and State.

Eag. Oh fy! — You must not call it barefac'd Bribery; 'tis not good breeding to term it so — I that have no other way of Living should be loath to have Gentlemen's noble Gratuities have that scandalous Title. — But to proceed, You know he's a magotty Projector; You must humour his extravagant Notions, and what you deposite, you must pretend to intrust him withal for the Encouragement of some Project.

Brev. Very pritty. — I find downright Suborning is improved to a delicate nice Science.

Eag. O God, Sir, a curious Study, and has its different Appellations by the several Stations of Men. — The Church-men call it an Earnest of Merrit. — The Courtier a Hint of Remembrance. — Ministers of State, and Officers in the Courts of Justice term it Expedition. — The Grandees of the Army a Recommendation. — The Parliament-men a Promoting of the Business. — The Bawd a Gratuity. — The Whore a Pair of Gloves; and the Jockeys a Barnacle. — All's to the same purpose i' Faith.

Brev. Why, look you Mr. *Eager*, I believe what you utter is downright Oracle; therefore I having a parcel of old Granam Gold by me — I am resolv'd to put it in, and venture my Luck for the Double-Chance, Wealth and Beauty.

Eag. Do so; I have urg'd your business to the Alderman already, and found it work; therefore about it.

Brev. I'll go to my Chamber, and take my Credentials with me, and to him. — *Eager*, with me good Luck; — Farewel. [Exit.

Eag. Sir, I am your most Obsequious: So there's one Bubble dispatch'd. — Let me look over my Table-book, and see how I must order the Business of the Day. — To meet Mr. *Goosandelo* to introduce him into Sir *Nicholas's* Company, and assist him in his Amour with Mrs. *Purfleet*; the same with *Brevin's*: But that won't prejudice my Concern. — To bully Squire *Sapless* out of a certain Sum of Money. Good, that will be done with ease: A rich Prize, that *Cheshire* Spark, i' Faith. — I must make this Booby bleed stoutly. — To Solicit for Alderman *Whim*, that he may solace himself, as he calls it, with Madam *Vesuvia*; so. — To procure an honourable Interview betwixt the old Herald, Sir *Nicholas Purfleet*, and the bright Inhabitant of the Azure Apartment; (as his Letter styles her) very well. The same Lady *Vesuvia* — I must put the grand Menage upon these two old lustful Satyrs. — Well, I profess mine is a laborious Employ. — All the Qualifications for a Secretary of State, or a Principal Minister, are not sufficient to accomplish a thorough-pac'd Pimp, and Cheat. By your leave, sweet Mr. *Eager*; but, I think, I may make bold with my self now I am alone. [Exit.

SCENE opens to Col. Bellair's Chamber.

Bellair, Jocond, and Lanlady.

Bell. I vow, Lanlady, you grow younger—— I never saw you look better in my life.

Lan. Ah,—— Lord bless you noble Col. it's the sight of your sweet Face has brought the Blood into my Cheeks ; I can't chuse but smirk and simper to see you come well back.—— I hope you've brought your Limbs, and all your Members safe and sound home, or else we shall have a filthy Outcry in the Parish, God knows.

Bell. I thank my Stars, Lanlady, I am no ways disabled.

Lan. Troth I am glad on't.—— You're a happy Man, Col. and I dare say was lap'd in your Mother's Smock ; God rest her Soul.—— There has been some how notice of your coming, for I have had nothing but rapping at my Door, Coaches and Chairs ev'ry Hour, and all the same Questions, squeaking through their Vizor-masks, Is Col. Bellair come to Town ?

Bell. Say you so, Lanlady ?

Lan. Ay Troth,—— I protest I pity you ; —— I am sure I know what a Man is, and as much of a Man as any Woman ; and therefore know you'll have too much upon your Hands.

Bell. I have good store of very able Assistants a coming over, Lanlady.

Lan. I vow you Men of the Sword strike deep with the Ladies.—— How sneakingly do the peaking Chits, the Summer Beaux look, when you Men of Mettle, arm'd at all points, appear ?

Bell. Faith the Souldiery is obliged to you.—— But, I assure you, I design to lead a reserved course of Life, having very serious matter upon my Hands.

Lan. Marry, God send all's well with you say I ; or that you ben't near your End —— So, do you hear ? they are knocking ; look to your self, for your Quarters are attack'd already.

[Knocking without.

Bell. Good Lanlady, let 'em know I am indisposed after my Journey, and gone to rest.

Lan. I know they'll be very pressing : but I am resolv'd they shan't disturb you. [Exit.

Bell. Jocond, Are my things come ?

Joc. Yes Sir ; and the Women will soon follow.—— As soon as I told them you were return'd, away they run to their Glasses, fell a setting their Heads, and clapping on of Patches ; then skip'd over the Counters for haste.—— I'd advise you, Sir, to stop some Cotton in your Ears, you'll have a hideous buzzing about your Head in a moment.

Bell. I am resolv'd I'll see none of them.—— *Jocond,* Go get your self clean and ready, then come and receive your Instructions ; I must send you to my Mistress to give notice of my return, and to know how stand Affairs in that Family.

Joc. Well, Sir, for tipping of *Billet Deux*, and Whispering of soft Messages, let me alone.—— I find whoever serves an Officer long, may in time expect to be principal Messenger to the Prince of Darkness.

[Aside.

[Exit.
Bell. I

Bel. I find that I begin to abominate the Thoughts of the obstreperous, rampant Sluts of my former Acquaintance; ——— and would marry, were it purely in my own Defence, had I not the blest'd Inducements of a blooming Beauty, that wants not the poor assistance of Art; Of a lovely Innocence, without the least tarnish of Folly; Of maturity of Sense, without a vain knowledge of it; ——— And such a plentiful Fortune, that may at all times furnish a hospitable Table, Means for charitable Reliefs, supplies for Building, Plantations and Adornments, and all necessary Expences for Gentleman-like Diversions. ——— Such is the Platform of my future Happiness; ——— And so adieu to the toils of War, and the fatigues of Campaigning; Whilst, in the circle of my *Purslew's* Arms, I shall enjoy more solid Pleasures, than the Conquest of Kingdoms can afford to martial Heroes, and ambitious Princes.

The SCENE closes to Covent-Garden.

Sir Nicholas Purslew, and Eager.

Eag. Upon my Reputation, *Sir Nicholas Purslew*, he's every way a fine Gentleman; a Man of nice Honour.

Sir Nich. That I profoundly approve of.

Eag. In short he's ——— Master of all the worthy Endowments I know you esteem. ——— The circular Rays of the Drawing-room center on him; by him the *Beaux* of the Chocolate-house adjust their Garniture; ——— And the Wits at *Will's*, Common-place his Sayings; his Pedigree, Sir, you very well know.

Sir Nich. Mr. *Goosandelo*, I can peremptorily attest to be of a very ancient and honourable Family.

Eag. Without dispute, Sir:

Sir Nich. Let me see, ——— if my memory betrays not my overburthened Knowledge, he is of old *Gaulish* Extraction. ——— He beareth in a Field Gules, three Geese Heads Eras'd Argent by the name of *Goosandelo*.

Eag. Very like so.

Sir Nich. A just reward that for their impertinent Cackling, and preventing that noble Enterprize upon the Capitol. ——— The Coat does plainly illustrate the heroic Actions of his valiant Ancestors.

Eag. A mighty Exploit to ring off the Necks of three Geese. [*Aside.*] And what's more, Sir, I heard him say, he design'd to make an offer of a considerable Sum, to be employ'd by you in search of Antiquities ——— and hopes you'll give him a favourable admittance to make his pretensions to your beautiful Neice; ——— But here he comes to plead his Amour himself.

Enter Goosandelo.

Goosandelo, *Sir Nicholas Purslew*, I humbly kiss your hand, and foot too, if you'll give me leave, with all the Respect I am capable of paying so honourable a Personage as your self.

Sir Nich.

Sir Nich. Worthy Mr. *Goosandelo*, with expanded Arms I embrace your Friendship.

Eag. So ———, here's like to be a pritty medly of young Foppery and old Fomality.

Sir Nich. I magnanimously applaud your noble Intentions of tracing the hidden Footsteps of Antiquity, and searching into the petrifi'd Bowels of past Ages.

Eag. It's the searching into your pritty Neice, he'd be at i' Faith.

Goof. With the Directions of so sure a Guide, as you Sir ———, I question not of making a good Progreſs in thoſe Studies ———. I muſt own without vanity, my Genius is quick and perceptive; that you may find by the vivacity of my Eyes. ——— Don't you ſee a peculiar Sparkle about them? If you look narrowly, you'll perceive ſome thing of the true black Water ———. They are compos'd of Diamantick Principles, and are able to make legible Characters in the moſt obdurate of Hearts.

Sir Nich. A pritty ingenious Remark of yours ———. I ſuppoſe you are already acquainted with the Rules of Heraldry.

Goof. Oh, Dear Sir! How can a Gentleman pretend to that Name, without knowing the Affinity he bears to the Beaſts, Birds, or what elſe adorns his Shield?

Eag. So, by his own Rule he may find a flock of Relations on ev'ry Common.

Sir Nich. What you ſay is infallibly true, Sir, ———. And then the Ancient Herolt Law of Chivalry affords matter of high Speculation.

Goof. No queſtion; I ſhould be very happy in fancying Devices, and compoſing of ſmart Motto's for Knights Adventurers.

Sir Nich. Then again, the Embellishments of Coat-Armour, the branching of Genealogies, are the Grounds to build upon the worth of a Family. ——— And for the Illuſtration of Hiſtory, the exquiſite knowledge of Hieroglyphicks, Obeliſks, Urns, Sculptures, Statues, and Medals, nervates the Underſtanding. ——— I'll ſhew you a Medal lately ſent me from Rome, by my Son that's making the *Grand-Tour*, more worth than all the Mines of Peru.

Goof. Upon my Soul, 'tis violently fine.

Eag. Pray, Sir, give me leave to ſee it; ——— I can't for my Life diſcern any Impreſſion or Character upon it.

Sir Nich. O'ds heart, O me Man! why that's the rarity of it: ——— If thoſe had been left, ev'ry body had known it. I would not give a Button for an Inſcription, that has ſo much as ev'ry tenth Letter remaining; or a Figure or Statue that has any thing of the Reſemblance of what it was intended for.

Eag. I find there's a plaguy Myſtery in Ignorance, and it's a wonderful wiſe thing to know nothing of the matter.

Sir Nich. Why there's the buſineſs, now ——— I muſt take the liberty to tell you Mr. Eager, that by this you have demonſtrated your ſelf of a Vulgar Capacity.

Goof. So he has, I proteſt, Sir, ——— Poor Eager, I pity thee. ——— You ſaw, Sir, how quickly I diſcover'd its Excellences.

Sir Nich. And by ſo doing, you demonſtrated the great reach of your underſtanding: ——— I'll undertake by this Medal, to ſound the depth of a Judgment as faithfully, as holding up a young Eagle to the Sun, will diſcover the truth of his Breed.

Eag. Gentlemen, my buſineſs calls me away; I hope you'll pardon me. ——— This dull Stuff gives me the Spleen intollerably.

[*Aſide.*
Sir

Sir Nich. Mr. Eager, pray don't suffer an Oblivion, to obliterate what I enjoin'd you to Commemorate in the the Afternoon upon the Declension of the Sun.

Eag. What a Pox does he mean? [*Aside*]——Oh! I know; by no means, Sir, I'll be punctual to a minute,——Confound his Romantick way of Expression: I was shewing my want of Apprehension again. [*Aside*.] [*Exit*.]

Goof. I design, Sir, to order the payment of a parcel of Money where you please to appoint,——if you'll give your self the trouble to expend it on Curiosities.

Sir Nich. I shall industriously apply my self on so noble a Design.

Goof. Now, Sir, I have a matter of another nature to divulge to you.——'Tis to acquaint you with the violent Passion I have entertain'd for your pritty Niece.

Sir Nich. Hum,——indeed I have no present discernment of any Obstacle that may ineffectuate your Desires. I shall offer you some preliminary Proposals,——and so leave it to the Decision of the young Lady her self.——Your Blood and Person render you acceptable to the fair Sex.

Goof. If I am left to the Lady, I need not say a word of the matter, tho you see I have a happy Talent in Polite Oratory were there occasion.

Sir Nich. But, good Sir, will you make love without speaking?

Goof. I'll undertake to thaw a Womans heart, that's as cold as Ice, with my bare Appearance,——and insensibly riggle into her Affections with my pritty taking Movements, as thus.——So I come into a Room, and erect my self at a distance, thus;——observe my Eyes now.——Then I jut a little on, twisting my self thus.——Now look how I set my Feet.——Then I gracefully handle my Snuff-box thus;——pray mind my Hand.——Now the Smiles,——I spring forwards,——open my Arms,——and the poor Soul drops into my Bosom like a shooting Star, and there dissolves to Jelly.

Sir Nich. On my word, a notable odd way of Courtship.——Come, Sir; will you honour me with your Company to Dinner.——Alderman *Whim* and I keep a Joint*House over our Joint Trust;——But not a syllable of it to him.

Goof. No, no, Mum's the word.

Sir Nich. We are both at present as it were Rangers, and Men at large.——My good Woman is in the Straw, and his gone to a Funeral of a Relation in the Country.

Goof. So much the better, for old Women are generally the Plague of young Society.

Sir Nich. Come, we'll go and take a Whet by the way,——and agree of Articles.

Goof. Sir, I'll attend you.

*Then I with Shape, Mien, Wit, and pleasing Air,
Will snap the Heart-strings of the charming Fair.*

[*Exeunt*.]

The end of the first Act.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE a Room in Sir Nicholas's, and the Alderman's House.

Enter Alderman Whim and Breviat.

Aldman, I Have been preparing my Niece for your Reception, Mr. *Breviat*. ——— I'dad, I'dad, the young Gipsy is prinking her self up. ——— As soon as I whisper'd the concern, the little Rogue did so twitter about the mouth, it made the Blood in my old Veins dance again, tho I am her own Uncle. ——— But I am heartily glad you say you are inclin'd to Projection.

Breviat, I think Mr. *Alderman* it's a Study that renders a man most capable of doing his Country Service.

Ald. I'dad you are i'th right on't. ——— I'll shew you here some rough-drawn Schemes of Projects, which I hope to put in Execution. [Looking over Papers.]

Brev. You'll oblige me entirely.

Ald. This is, ——— do you mind me? For making *Automata's* self-moving Engines, by which whole Timber-trees shall come Whirling to the King's Yards without the assistance of a single Horse, I'dad.

Brev. There will be an Improvement of Land-Carriage!

Ald. And by the same Principles, do you mark me? ——— I may contrive a fiery Machine, that shall invisibly roll under Water for some Leagues, ——— then burst with that tremendous Violence, that shall rend the *French* Fleet to Atoms.

Brev. Good Lord! ——— What a Hurricane will there be?

Ald. This again, ——— mark me well, is a most exquisite Project if it hits, and I get a Patent for it, I shall be as Rich as *Cresus*, and the Nation the most flourishing Kingdom in the Universe. ——— It is, do you see, the furnishing Ships with *Remora's*, to each Vessel a Cask of little Emissaries; ——— that whenever a Privateer comes looping along to seize his Prey, ——— I'dad clap him a *Remora* in his Stern, ——— and so good by to ye I' faith.

Brev. Ah, ah, ah, I laugh to think what a devillish Sputtring will there be among the *French* Seamen, when they find their Vessel fixt.

Ald. I believe I can't put this in practice; ——— Do you see? ——— without some preternatural Incantations, some infernal Rhetorick, ——— which I shall find out amongst the Magickmongers; ——— and what if the Devil be employ'd, so it be for the publick Good?

Brev. Oh, to chuse Sir! ——— A man of excellent Morals, this *Alderman*. [Aside.]

Ald. We all konw what Land-spirits the *French* have made use on in their Exploits. ——— And the Sovereignty of the Sea being ours, ——— Why should not the Sea-Devils be entertain'd in our Service?

Brev. It's but reasonable.

Ald. I think it would be of moment too, to encourage Missions to *Lapland* to be instructed there in the way of Barrelling up Winds. ——— I see the Ladies a coming; ———
I'll

I'll leave you to entertain them, whilst I go into my Study, and hammer out my Projects to shape and perfection. [Exit.]

Enter Mrs. Purflew and Mrs. Pliant.

Brev. Now I, ——— that am never at a stand to brazen hundreds of Lies at the Bar, can scarce put a face on't to utter a single Truth in the business of Love; ——— but I'll keep to general Topicks.

Ply. Here's your Lover, Cousin *Purflew*. ——— I vow I like his looks, he's a good lusty portly Fellow.

Purf. Indeed, Cousin *Plyant*, I think you are inclin'd to like any man's looks, let him be what he will, so he be but a man.

Ply. Prepare your self ——— for now he advances; no doubt big with an amorous Speech.

Brev. I shall never, Madam, sufficiently acknowledge the *Alderman's* double Obligations, as well of his own ingenious Conversation, as in affording me the most ravishing sight humane Eyes are able to bear the lustre of ——— your most transcendent Beauty, ——— When were you at the Play, Ladies?

Purf. Truly we seldom come there, ——— but I find you go, and have pickt up a fulsome way of Expression; ——— the stile seems to be the young Chaplains when he makes love to *Abigail*.

Brev. Faith, I design to go no more. ——— The Rogues the Poets make greater Monsters of us Gentlemen of the Long Robe, then ever they us'd to make of the Grandees of the City.

Purf. You know, Sir, Folly and Knavery furnish matter for Satyr; ——— and whilst any of you make profession of the latter so publicly, and detect one another so ridiculously, they must expect to be the sport of the Ingenious, as well as the scorn of the most Serious part of Mankind.

Ply. You must give my Cousin *Purflew* the liberty of Raillery; ——— 'tis her way, Sir.

Brev. Lord, Madam, what the Lady pleases; ——— I shall neither undertake to palliate the miscarriages of some, nor vindicate the Profession in general; ——— since my study of it has been only for my Accomplishment and Diversion: ——— But I shall adventure to plead my Cause in Love, according to the liberty the *Alderman* has pleas'd to allow in my Pretensions to your fair Ladiship.

Purf. My Uncle is very obliging. ——— I suppose he has consulted his own Interest before my Inclinations, ——— and no doubt you have made trial of a method you find most prevailing in the Affairs of your own practice.

Brev. 'Sbud she's a Devil at guessing. ——— I fear I shall be run aground. [Aside.]

Ply. Pray, Mr. *Brevint*, next time you come, bring me an old Limb of the Law; and being two for two, you'd have the falser play for your Money. I am for none under the Coif. ——— I could perfectly reconcile my self to all that an old Serjeant expects in a young Wife, ——— officiously cut his Corns, rub his Shins ev'ry Night, and his Head ev'ry Morning, make him a Pot of Chocolate, set his Band, give him a Buss, and so dispatch the old Fool to *Westminster*; ——— But by all means let him

be a Circuitire; so much time every Year I could willingly have at my own disposal.

Brev. I find I am fall'n into Hucksters hands, but I am resolv'd to bear on. [*Aside*] You are dispos'd to be merry, Lady; — but mine is a serious undertaking, — therefore, Madam. —

Purf. Well, Spark. —

Brev. Now she looks me in the Face with such a roguish Leer, that were I to be damn'd, I can't proceed. [*Aside.*]

Purf. Come, shall I speak for you — you being naturally Lumpish, and Phlegmatick, and wanting a knack to entitle you to be a Practitioner of the first Rate; you would willingly save your self any further trouble, — and be at Livery and seizin of my Estate. — Is not this to your purpose, — Hea?

Ply. Eye Cousin, this was a little too severe.

Brev. Bless me! — What shall I say now? Would I had my old Gold out of the Alderman's Clutches, and coop'd up in my Study, tumbling over my Volumes of Reports. [*Aside.*]

Ply. What, Sir, are you silenc'd? Pull up and stickle in the business, the Cause is not lost yet, Man. — It's the nature of our Sex to rally them most we like best.

Brev. Have at it once again. [*Aside.*] — Your Beauty alone had to the utmost enslav'd your Admirer. — You had no need to have us'd such irresistible Shafts of Wit, to have perfected your Conquest.

Purf. Conquest, of whom, pray Sir? — You speak as if you were a Person of Value, — and that a Woman had need to exert all her Charms, to assure her self of so rich a Prize, as I find you esteem your self.

Ply. Prethee, my Dear, don't discourage the Gentleman at this rate. — I'll assure you I don't think Mr. *Breviat* despicable. — His Person robust, and very promising, his Air grave, modest, and natural. — And I have heard fortune has not been the least niggardly in the distribution of her worldly Bounties; since he is left sitated in a handsome paternal Inheritance. [*Breviat bowing all the while.*]

Purf. I'm my Conscience, the Girl is gulling me of my Lover under the very Nose of me. — Mr. *Breviat* look to your self, — I find my Couz. *Plyant* has a Hawk's Eye upon you.

Brev. I am oblig'd to the Lady, and can aver what she has been pleas'd to intimate, that I am not incapacitated for my pretensions to any Gentlewoman. — Nor shall I ever be alham'd of the sincere Zeal I shall religiously manifest, in the paying of my Devotion to so Divine a Being as your self.

Ply. Why, look you now, — there's Temple Love for you; — an Amorous Bishop could have said no more to a Woman. — What would you have?

Purf. If you expect your Sincerity to stand you in stead, you must apply your self to some Woman that never was within the Smoak of London, — especially not to one bred at Hackney.

Brev. 'Tis you alone, I must, and will adore.

Purf. What love Madrigal are you obliged to for that whining Expression? — Can't you remember the next Line, and so Court me with Couplets? — But to deal plainly with you; which by the bye, you ought not to expect in a Woman, I

hope

hope I shall have no obligation to do otherwise than dutifully submit my self to my Uncle Alderman's Conduct, — whose Kindness or Prudence I am unwilling to call in question.

Ply. D'ye see, Sir, what a pretty conscious Blush attended that Answer? And how her Fan catcht the soft consenting Sigh.

Brev. Oh bless'd Accent! — Oh harmonious Words! — The Raptures that sieze my Soul, can be express no otherwise than by being Dumb.

[*Stands in amaze.*

Ald. [Within.] A thought, a thought, Mr. Breviat. — Mr. Breviat, a thought, I say, a rich thought. [*Enters.*] Ods me, Man, what fall'n a Sleep in your Addresses? I certainly have, Sir, the most pregnant Brain of any Man living. — It has just now teem'd such a thought; come along, I'll shew it you. — I'dad, I'dad, I have clap'd it under the Hatches of Black and White, that it shan't escape me. [*Exeunt Ald. and Brev.*

Ply. I fear the honest Alderman will teem so many thoughts as he calls it, that he'll leave himself a very empty Skull at length.

Purf. Nay, 'tis certain he's a little beside himself already, he wou'd ne'er a pick'd up for me such a Fool of a Fellow, as this Lawyer else: — A solemn Pop.

Ply. The fitter for a Property. — But prithee Couz, if thou dost not like him, why did you give him that encouragement at last?

Purf. How, dear Child! — You that are a profess'd Votary in Amour and Gallantry; — a studious Novice of Plays and Romances; and not guess at my Intentions? — Is it not plain, how both my Uncles would sacrifice me and my Fortune to their separate Interests?

Ply. That I believe.

Purf. Have not I reason therefore to take my own Measures, and free my self from the Danger of their mercenary Proceedings? — I'll say no more.

Ply. Oh, pure Couz. I'faith. — Will you that profess your self a severe Moralist, do any thing that may infringe your Duty to your present Relations? — Or offer to condemn the wise Precautions of the Deccas'd? —

Purf. Cousin, — I am not unacquainted with either my Age, or my Power; tho' they have been so sedulous to hoodwink my Preceptions. — Nor shall I attempt any thing but what may concur with Morality, and be justifi'd by Prudence.

Ply. I swear thou art a rare Girl: — but hark ye, this Affair with Mr. Breviat may be very well manag'd for my Advantage. — You may easily palm him upon me. — And to tell you the truth, Couz. methinks it's high time I should have a Husband; should I once reach that fulsome Title of a Stale Maid, I should be the miserablest Creature living.

Purf. Alas, poor Soul. — Well, Cousin, I'll undertake to serve thee effectually, I am something inclin'd to projection, as well as my Uncle. — Sprightly our Housekeeper is stanch and may; — but here she comes very hot with some news or other.

Enter Sprightly.

Sprightly. Ah Madam. 'Od be thanked I' Goddle, ah, ah, ah. — Who do you think? Oh, dear heart, I can't speak. — Oh! lack-a-day, and marry, Odd send my heart hold out. Oh! — Ah, ah, ah — Oh! I am so glad. [*Laughs and Cries.*]

Purf. What's? — What's the matter? Prithee *Sprightly* compose thy self, and let's hear.

Spri. Why then that fine, — handsome, — well-favour'd Gentleman, your Collonel, is come safe to Town; — so now it's out, and I am pretty well at ease. — He has sent his Boy, *Joond*, hither, who has brought you a Box of fine Outlandish things. — I told our Folks he came from an Acquaintance of yours at Hackney.

Purf. Is this all?

Spri. Marry, and I believe you think it a fine All too — But I have more news to tell you, Sir *Nicholas* is come home, and has brought another Suitor, — the gimmest Moppet that e're has been here yet; — but as to a Man, no more like your Collonel, that a Baby upon a Butter-print is like the Man in the Moon. — He calls him Mr. *Goose* — *Goose* — something, I don't know what. — Well, I'll go keep *Joond* company till you come. [*Exit.*]

Ply. Oh, Coulin, it's Mr. *Goosandelo*, he was the topping Spark at the Wells this Year.

Purf. Yes, yes, Mr. *Goosandelo* is a topping Spark where-ever he comes.

Ply. Do you know him?

Purf. I know enough of him. — The last time I was at the Play with my Aunt, — I saw him making antick Grimaces, and playing a thousand Monkey-tricks in Fop-box.

Ply. You must not expect a Mr. *Breviat* of him, on my word.

Purf. I must expect what's worse; — shallow Conceits, — windy Noise, — and insufferable Self-applause. — I find the Air sweetens, the *Beaux* is making his Approaches.

Enter Sir Nicholas Purflew and Goosandelo.

Sir Nich. Mr. *Goosandelo*, — my Niece, — my Cousin *Plyant*.

[*Goof. salutes the Ladies, then Sir Nich. talks with Purflew apart.*]

Goof. Here I am oblig'd to break the Rules of modern breeding to please the old Antiquary. [*Aside.* — [*to Mrs. Plyant.*] I have not seen you of late, Madam; — I might say you live very obscurely in this Town, had not your Eyes the power of dispelling Obscurity it self.

Ply. O dear, Mr. *Goosandelo*, you still keep your obliging way of Gallantry. — I think the last time I saw you, I had the honour to be your Partner at a Dance at *Astrop*.

Goof. Let me perish, Madam, if ever I Dance when I drink the Waters again; — it settled such Humours in my Legs, that I was oblig'd to Cup, and suck 'em down with Leeches a month or two to give them their true Air and Shape again. — I have a mind to forswear Dancing.

Ply. 'Twill

Ply. 'Twill be impossible, Sir, to withstand the Importunities of the Ladies.
 — Lord! 'twill be Death to 'em to be deny'd.

Goof. Let 'em dye. — I'll not dance, to save the Life of a Dutchess. — To see a well-shap'd Gentleman move upon huge Porterly Pillars, and be damn'd all the days of his life to a sad-colour'd Stockin. — Oh abominable! — D' you think I'll hazard that?

Sir Nich. Mr. *Goosandelo*, I'll leave my Niece your Charge for the space of some ensuing moments, whilst I go pay a Visit to my Wife, the Lady Couchant above stairs.

Ply. O Heavens! how came we, Couz, without our knotting? — What will this Gentleman think, to see us Idle? [Exit.]

Goof. On my soul, Ladies, I am violently concern'd that you are without your Huswifry; I shall want a great part of my Discourse. — 'Tis generally the first Topick we fall upon, when we make our Addresses to Persons of Quality.

Purf. I should think, Sir, 'twere a dry, crabbed subject.

Goof. Ah, ah, ah; because it's so full of knots; but nothing is uneasy to a Man of Parts. As I could say thus, — You have knotted so long upon the Thread of my Affections, that your La'ship has now work'd up a Piece sufficient to fringe round a Squob of Repose, for my long languishing Amour. — And a thousand such pretty things. But since I am left here by Sir *Nicholas* to make Love, How do you think I'll begin? In what Shape? — Like what?

Purf. Why you need not take the pains the gods of Yore us'd to do. — You see you have easy access to me in your own shape, and that's more monstrous than any you can think on.

Goof. Nay, now I swear you talk by contraries. — Here's a Lady will tell you what killing work my Shape has made in the world.

Ply. I know, Sir, you were ever reputed a very pretty Gentleman.

Goof. Phoo — every body knows that; and my Life on't this Lady shall know it before I have done. — I am positive I shan't want shafts, for I design to make Love to you in the nature of a Porcupine. — I'll rustle my Habilliments, dart forth a Poinant Quill, and strike you dead, i'gad. — Don'd you find your self wounded? — Hah, Madam. [Stands taking Snuff.]

Purf. I must confess your Complicated Perfumes, and your Cashified Breath have a little discompos'd me. — Therefore pray, Sir, make Love at a farther distance.

Goof. Now by the Universal Light, I have no occasion for them, were they not customary to all those that are the exact Models of Wit and Breeding. — And now I talk of Wit, do you see this Diamond Ring? — This Diamond Ring?

Purf. What are you going to shew *Hobbs Poores* Tricks? Have you got any of the German Artifi's Powder *la Pimp a la Pimp*? — You shou'd first put on a little Blue Jacket, tye a Chain about your middle, and skip up and down the Balcony to gather Spectators e're you begin. About *Pag.*

Goof. I find you begin to love me, by that pretty endearing word. — But as I was saying, this Ring guided by this hand; — which is a hand I am not at all ashamed on.

Purf. That I vow you need not.

Goof.

Goof. Has writ in Ladies Windows such Mysterious Things, that the severest Criticks allow 'em to be Wit it self epitomiz'd. — The Shades at Kensington are full of the Proofs of my Genius; which I daily see enter'd into the Tablets of Travellers: — If you'll shew me your Closet, I'll write something in your Window there.

Purf. Gently, Spark. — Sure we have not proceeded yet so far, as to admit you into my Closet.

Goof. No? — I find you are unacquainted with the Assurance that is inseparable with Men of Wit. — We often rush into the Closets of Ladies that we never saw before: I was sent for the other day by a Lady of no small Rank, to teach her a Song in her Closet. — It's one of my own composing; I'll sing it you, Ladies.

Ply. O! by all means, — I beseech you, Sir.

Goof. Pray observe the Sweetness of its Air, and the Delicacy of its Turn and Cadence.

A S O N G.

I.

Rich Mines of Hot Love are rooted here:
 Flashes of Flames in my Eyes appear,
 When swift as the Sun,
 To th' Arms of Thetis
 I run, I run, I run,
 To seize of my Bliss,
 In the Parts where 'tis,
 Oh! you know, you know, you know where.

II.

She laid by 'r knotting with wondrous haste,
 And took me about my well-slap'd Waste:
 I envy'd not Jove
 His Celestial Throne,
 Nor all the gods above:
 Whilst Kisses came on,
 And something was done,
 Which I know, I know, I know best.

Purf.

Purf. Was there ever any thing so ridiculous? — *[aside]*

Ply. I protest, Sir, it's very pretty and peculiar.

Goof. Ay, so it is, Madam: What an Engaging Freedom is there in that, *Ob you know, you, &c.* Alas! this is but the loose droppings of my Pen. — Upon my soul, my Songs are reputed the Standard of Lyrick Poesy. — Most of those Odes that are entit'led, *Done by a Person of Quality*, are mine. — I design to write a Play by the same hand.

Purf. If you copy your self, you won't fail of one good Character.

Goof. That's true, Madam. — The Poets generally do that. — I'll be the Fine Gentleman of Wit and good Education; — You the Fine Young Lady, of Beauty, Fortune, and good Sense: We'll trick the old Guardians, marry in disguise, and so have a Dance. — It's a good beaten road; a man that writes, can scarce be out of his way. — What say you, Madam? Is this to be the conclusion of our Amours?

Purf. You would not have me surrender upon the first Attack? — That will lessen the Honour of your Conquest.

Goof. Have a care; deferring a Parley may be of dangerous consequence. — I am of a fiery Temper. — If you hold out to be taken with Sword in hand; — I don't know what may become of you.

Ply. To prevent your Fury, it's but reasonable that Sir *Nicholas Purflew*, whose Name I bear, should have the power of altering mine. What can be gathet'd from this, I leave to you. I see him coming to you. — Come, Couz: let's go walk a little before Dinner. *[Exeunt Purflew and Plyant.]*

Goof. This I think is Encouragement enough: — But how the Devil could it be expected otherwise? — What Woman can withstand my perfect agreeableness?

Enter Sir Nicholas at one door, Alderman Whim and Breviat at the other.

Ald. Won't that I shew'd you last be of excellent use, and very feasible? I dad; I dad, there was never any thing like it in the known parts of the world.

Brev. No, nor in the unknown neither, I dare say. — No doubt, Sir, you'll have your Effigies erected in Brass, to transmit to future Ages the universal Service you have done. — For what a Pox, has this gawdy wing'd Insect *Goosandelo* been flutt'ring about my Mistress? 'Sbud, I'll watch his waters for him. *[aside]*

Sir Nich. My Brother, Sir, for so our near Affinity makes us term our selves, does merit very much from the Nation. — And if it does him that piece of Justice, I'll take care to form the Model, and compose the Inscription.

Goof. Then no doubt 'twill be according to the true *Roman Grandeur*.

Ald. My Brother Knight here too, deserves very well to be minded of the world, I dad, or else it will be a very ungrateful blockhead of a world, to forget all its old Acquaintance, that Sir *Nicholas* daily converses withal.

Sir Nich. Gentlemen, I hope you'll honour us with your Company in the Evening. We are willing to make each other happy with our respective Acquaintance. — To-day is our Niece's Birth-day, the poor Girl is now just Sixteen.

Ald. It's very true, so she is, Brother.

Sir Nich.

Sir Nich. The night we'll celebrate with Mirth. — It shall be my care to entertain you with an *Areadian Pastoral*.

Brev. Sir, you're very obliging.

Sir Nich. Come, *Mr. Gosweldo*, I'll go show you my *Museum*; you shall see finer Curiosities than ever you saw at *Gresham College*. — The University of Cambridge shall with my Collections eternalize the Name of *Sir Nicholas Purlew*, and by this means she shall have a *Purlewian* to outdo their *Shmolean* at Oxford. [Exeunt *Sir Nich. & Gosf.*]

Ald. Well, *Mr. Breviat*, how succeeded you? What said my Niece? — Was she coming? — Did you find her glance upon you? — Did she take an occasion to walk round you, for a view of those Shoulders? I'dad, that's a hint the young Gypsies never fail of, as soon as they know the difference of the Sex.

Brev. She first receiv'd me with a very gay and tart Humour. — She came slap dash upon me at every word, with terms full of disdain.

Ald. Ah, *Mr. Breviat*, those are true signs of a yielding Woman. — I'dad she's a parcels Baggage.

Brev. Then, Sir, she assum'd a pretty becoming Gravity: And with an unaffected Air of Modesty made me sensible that she would submit to your Prudence.

Ald. Poor little Rogue, she has always been very dutiful to me. — We must have an eye upon that Spark my Brother brought: — Does he think he can overreach a Projector?

Brev. Not in all likelihood.

Ald. I'll take care to confirm my Niece. — Sprightly, our Housekeeper, is trusty: To night when *Sir Nicholas* is busy about his Pastoral, as he calls it, she shall slip you both into a private Room; where a Tacker-together of Human Flesh shall be ready. — Then you shall come and discover it; and so end the Masque with a Jest. — Get the Writings ready at *Mr. Settlebank's* Chamber in the Temple, and I'll come and see 'em seal'd this Afternoon. — Come, Sir, I'll wait on you in to Dinner.

*He ne're can fail of Project or Design,
Who has a Brain so Rich in Thought a mine.*

Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E Covent-Garden.

Eager with his Sword drawn, leading in Squire Sapeless by the Nose.

Eag. **D**Am ye for an over-grown Bumpkin. — I'll slice you; — I'll car-bonade you, ye Dog, ye Tub of Cheese-curd and Hogs-wash, I'll kick your Guts out. — Oounz, why don't you draw, you eternal Lubbard; I'll pink you, I'll pink you as full of holes as a Cullender, I'll rip your heart out, you Joul-terhead.

Sap. Nea, nea, but hold ye Master *Eager*. — Wawns, yo thincken I'm noo body. — Why what a Pox, an yo'll let's lay Swords by, 'Sflesh, I'll venture a bloody Nose with yau, or a brawken Head, with best pall Crab-tree Cudgels yo can get. — Marry yo shan't find Chicken to deal withat, by Mafs.

Eag. Rot ye, you Hounds-face; I am a Gentleman, and know no other way to go to work with you, but with the point of my Sword; therefore if you won't pay me the Money, I'll slit your Weazen this moment, you Moon-eat.

Sap. 'Sflesh, it will be a nucky thing now to be murder'd, and to hea our Lassies in't Countrey sing Ballads on one.

Eag. Hark ye, Squire *Sapeless*, — Did not you promise me Twenty pounds upon the Word of a Gentleman, before sufficient Witnesh?

Sap. Troth I can't deny that.

Eag. And han't I laid by all bufiness, to saunter along with you? — Show'd you the Lions at the Tower, New Bedlam, and the Tombs at Westminster?

Sap. Nea, I'm hugeny beholding to yo, that's truth on't.

Eag. And what's more, I took you to a Tavern, made you drunk on my own cost, and then carried you to a Bawdy-house, and have endeavour'd the accomplishing you as is befitting a Gentleman of your Quality; and now to disappoint me.

Sap. Come pree-a Master *Eager* been pacified, and I'n be better on my word, on that be all.

Eag. Very well, Sir, I am your hearty Servant. — Faith, Noble Squire, we were roaring merry last night. Were not they pretty good-natur'd Pugs I took you to? — I believe you parted with a troublesome companion. — Did not you slip your Maidenhead, Squire, ha?

Sap. Nea, nea, Master *Eager*, I'm not the Man yo taken me for neither. — I know a Cat from a Cowle staff, and What-d'-ye-call'n from a Cart-wheel. Marry we'n a pratty Farrantly Laff, Madge t Dairy-Maid at whome, when I goo a fetch Me's a Cream, or now and ten see her suckle younck Breendle ith Caw-Crib, yo little thincken what we don.

Eag. Ay, say you so, Squire? — I find you're a very forward hopeful Young Gentleman; and by that time I have done with you, you shan't be a sham'd to shew your self at the Assizes, and make as good a Figure there as the Sheriff.

Sap. Nea, an that be all, I sh't be Shreeve my sen at upshot. — I can drink

as much Ecal awready as e're a Justice of Peace in aw *Cheshire*; and that's a prawd word naw. — I made 'em aw knock under-boord last Monthly-meeting, b' mafs.

Eag. Gad-a-mercy Squire, by this worthy toping Qualification, thou'rt fit to be elected Knight of the Shire, the *Ten-Representative* of all the Hag-rubs in the Countrey; no doubt you'll be a true Patriot, and promote the great Manufacture of *Sandwich*.

Sap. Naw I think on't, I mon goa to th' Carrier, I hea a Fiskin of Stingo a coming; and I mon send some things dawn to Lady Mother. — And I'ne tell you what, Master *Eager*, if our *John* e' Baily be come to Tawn, I'ne pay you your Money this Afternoon; and more than that, In't gee yo a Hundred pound besides, if I shan marry that handsome Gentlewoman yo thoden me in t' Painted Gallery.

Eag. Oh ho, Squire *Saplefs*. — Plait I find thou'rt no Fool at Faces. — Sign then and seal to what you have said, and we'll drink a Bottle and be Friends. — In the Afternoon I'll take you to wait upon the Lady you saw in the Blew Balcony. — She's my Relation; Madam *Vesuntis*. — Upon my word she has refus'd the Offers of several Young Lords; and I have heard her say, she took great delight in daryng; and that she wou'd marry some honest Countrey Gentleman.

Sap. Nea, nea, and she been for that, wee'ne as fine Milch Kine as any in aw *Cheshire*. B' mafs, we maaken two hundred a Cheese e'ary week that comes o're our heads, besides Butter for t' house; and Milk for t' Caws and Lasses. — But naw I think on't, Lady Mother charg'd two things on her Blessing, Ne're to set Han't and Seal to Paper, nor Marry without her Caunsil; — 'Sfesh, I'ne goeing to do booth naw: But sure I can wawk without Deading Strings; I'ne Mon enough to goo by my sen I throw.

Eag. How's this? — No scruples, Squire, no qualms of Conscience; the least of that will raise my Passion again: But if you do as you have resolv'd, — I'll do any thing for you, — fight whole Armies, encounter Gyants, and bid defiance to *Jove* and all his Thunder to serve you.

Sap. Oh Lawd! what a wawndy fighting man is this Master *Eager*! Well, well, I'll go doo a what yo'n hea me. — Nea, I'de wawk a score a miles barefooted and barelegg'd to do you good, that I wood.

Eag. Well said, my noble Mirror of Squireship. — But come, let's to the Tavern then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Room in Sir Nicholas and the Alderman's House.

Enter Mrs. Purflew, Plyant, and Jocond.

Ply. How sweetly will you furnish your Closet with those little Pictures the Colonel has brought you from *Flanders*?

Joc. They are, Madam, as curious a parcel of Nuns-work, as I believe was ever pick'd up in those Countries. — My Master left no place unsearch'd, for what he thought might be most pleasing to your L^dship.

Purf. Poor Gentleman, he has been at a great deal of pains.

Joc.

Joe. Ay, and trouble too: I would not have led the life my Master has done this Campaign, to have had at my beck all the Beauties of *Christendom*.

Purf. Why *Jocond*, how was it?

Joe. To have lain in a morning tossing and sighing for an hour or two; then fling himself out of bed *casually*, clap on his Goshaws, and away out of his Tent to the next Wood that cou'd afford him most Privacy. — There loll himself down at the foot of some shady Tree; — where must I sing the Song of distress'd *Amintor*; whilst he with his Arms a-cross seem'd to be as senseless as the Tree it self; or like an ancient Stump, from whose Root the present Plant had sprouted.

Ply. Oh Couz, how dear and passionate was that?

Purf. The Boy is very perfect in his Lesson truly.

Joe. Ev'ry syllable truth, as I hope to be sav'd, Madam. At night again, when he had left h's Company, which always seem'd uneasy to him, away to his old posture, where the Locket of your La'ships Hair, which he always wore next his heart, must be kiss'd a thousand times. — And which was strange in a man that the world knows as brave as the Sword he wears, not without a frequent Current of Tears. — I almost weep to tell the Story.

Ply. Poor Boy! how pathetically does the young *Rogue* express himself! — Speak truly, Couz. — Dost not thee believe thy self a happy Creature? — To have so fine a Person as *Bellaire* your Admirer. — No doubt you may promise your self in him all the delicious Blessings that man can afford in the Arms of a young Lady. — Love and Reverence compose the Air of his Face. — His Person Graceful, his Humour Generous, and his Fidelity as unquestionable as his Courage. — What a true Drudge at an Amour has he been since he first danc'd with you at *Hockley*. — How comically he look'd when he came to sell us Cheescakes? and how prettily he contriv'd the Locket in that which you bought?

Enter Sprightly, and talks with Jocond apart.

Purf. I think his Character will receive but little advantage by your good word; thou art so sweet natur'd a thing that thou speak'st ill of no man. — It's the Sex it self thou art a lover on. — And how readily you smother all his wild courses, and those excessive Rangings which he has been addicted to.

Ply. Your men of mettle must be allow'd some small Extravagances, which are generally abated by the accomplishment of a faithful Passion. — And I doubt not but his for you will have that reclaiming effect.

Purf. I am very unwilling to put my self and Fortune into the hands of a Libertine, and purchase Experiments at so hazardous a rate.

Sprightly comes forward.

Spr. But, Madam, what do you think I am come to tell you? — You must know, an's like you, that both my old Masters your Uncles are resolv'd to marry you this very night. — The *Alderman* says you shall have the Lawyer; and Sir *Nicholas* is for that Thing that tosses his Head like a Fore-horse, struts like a Turkey-cock, and smells like a Civet-Car. — I am, forsooth to be the go-between for both, and huddle

you together in private. — Now, an't please you, I humbly conceive that you have a months mind to another-guests man than either of them, i'troth. — Therefore let me have your counsel what to do.

Purf. I find they are very sudden in their Resolves, lest I discover my own Power. — Honest old *Sprightly*, thou shalt have thy Lesson before night. Come Cousin, let's go and consult what measures to take. — *Jocond*, you shall have an Answer presently. [*Exeunt Purflew and Plyant.*]

Spr. Come *Jocond*, you shall go along with me into my Chamber, and tell me stories of *Flanders*.

Joc. What you please, Mistress.

Spr. There's a Bed in the room, *Jocond*, — and if we chance to sit upon the side on't, be sure you don't grow waggish; — be sure you don't, you smock-fac'd Young Rogue you.

Joc. On my conscience thy wither'd looks won't provoke me. [*aside.*]

Spr. Methinks *Jocond*, you have a sort of a languishing lascivious Cast with your Eyes; — but be sure you mind what I told you.

Joc. What a Pox does the old Carrion mean? [*aside.*]

Spr. Upon these terms I'll shew you the way in: You are too young to do any harm, and I am too old to receive any; therefore we may cuddle together safely: And so come along Sweet-heart. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E opens, and discovers *Sir Nich. Purflew*, Alderman, *Breviat*, and *Goofandelo*, rising from a Table with Bottles and Glasses; they come forwards, and the Scene closes.

Brev. Gentlemen, your Entertainment has been to the height of perfection: I rise with my Understanding as much improv'd, as my Appetite is satished.

Sir Nich. Laek Sir, I fear there is but small occasion for this Compliment. — Indeed at the good old Festivals of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, they always took care to regale the Mind as well as the Body.

Goof. Ay Sir, it's very true; they season'd their Discourse as well as their Sawce. — Pepper'd it up high when they talk'd of War; and when it flatten'd with the dull reliq of Religion and Politicks, the Poet at the lower end of the Board took care to squeeze in a smurly Jest, to leave a Flavour upon the Pallat; — as now-a-days the Smug Chaplain does at my Lady's Table.

Sir Nich. Ha, ha, ha.

Ald. Gentlemen, we expect to see you to night. — I am engag'd this Afternoon; My fame has reach'd to *Pekin*, and the illustrious Emperor there has sent over a great *Chinese* Projector, to consult with me for the finding out a shorter way of Correspondence between them, and we the *Western* Inhabitants of the World.

Brev. That, Sir, has been a matter long wish'd for in vain.

Ald. And I have don't already. I went to my Study, do you mark me? — and took a large Bumper of *Melaga*, which is a notable help to Projection; gave my Forehead three lusty Rubs; — whip-sitch, out is come, and here it is: —

[*Take out a Paper.*]

Brev.

Brev. Good Sir, let's know it.

Ald. Why do you see, ——— it's only making the Rivers navigable, and cutting a few Cannals through some parts of *Crim Tartary*, and there it is, ——— and a fig for a *North-East Breeze*. ——— What thundering Bribing shall we have amongst our honest Senators for the establishing a new *China Company*?

Brev. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Nich. I am also engag'd to take a view of some *Egyptian* and *Asiatick* Rarities, that a great Traveller has collected on purpose for me. ——— Amongst which he say, That there is an odoriferous *Arabian Balm*, that he will undertake, if he unstops the Bottle on the top of the Monument, and the Wind fits right, it shall diffuse its scent so far, that any Person at the same time upon *Salisbury Steeple* shall be very sensible of the Perfume.

Goof. For Heavens sake, good Sir *Nicholas*, engage me some of it; ——— I would give the Universe for such a Perfume, that I might by its Effluvioms at a distance give the Ladies notice of my approaching, and they dispose themselves into a regular Order for my Reception.

Brev. Wert thou receiv'd as a Coxcomb should be, thou'dst be obliged to keep always at home. [Aside.]

Ald. Mr. *Breviat*, you go my way, I'll take you in my Coach.

Brev. I'll wait on you, Sir.

[Exeunt Ald. and Brev.]

Sir Nich. The young ones are gone a gadding this Afternoon; ——— they make use of their time now they are freed of the old Ladies.

Goof. How! my Mistress gone, and I not pay my Devoirs to her Coach? ——— Ye eternal Lights, Sun, Moon, and Stars, how come I so stupid! ——— But I over-heard them say something of the Walks. ——— I'll find them out anon.

Sir Nich. By your favour, Sir, you need not give your Intellectuals this disturbance, — for I have order'd matters with that solid Conduct, that she shan't fail of being your Bride this Evening. ——— Come, Sir, you must go Seal the Writings we gave order for.

Goof. Ay, ay, by all means; ——— then I'll to my Chamber new wash and scent my Body; ——— and so make a Bridegroom, able to charm the fairest Goddess that e're inhabited the Mansions of the Sky. [Exit.]

SCENE opens to *Collonel Bellair's Chamber*, and discovers *Bellair* upon a Couch in a Melancholy Posture; he rises and comes forward.

Bell. What art thou Love? ——— Thou hast so subtly diffus'd thy self throughout my o're-spreading Veins; ——— each Particle of me is sensible of smarting Wounds receiv'd by thy mysterious Shafts; ——— thou restless Disquieter of my throbbing Soul. ——— But why should I torment my Flames with ungrounded Doubts? ——— And fuel my burnings with boading Apprehensions? ——— I have no reason to dread the dismal Consequences of an unnatural Amour. ——— The dear Object of my Wishes has given me Testimonies, that she's not insensible of my Passion; ——— yet still, O mighty Love thou art impetuous; ——— urging my desires to Fruition. ——— O blest Fruition! what Transports! what amorous Respiration! what Thought can reach

reach

reach the Extasies that accompany the possessing such immortal Charms! A hey Rapi-
er; come and sing me the Song you learn'd last.

A SONG. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

I.

Full of the God I feel my raging Soul,
Around their Spheres, my glowing Eye-balls roul.
Sparkling forth Raptures from my active Breast,
In vain I beg the fullen God of Sleep.
In vain I call him from his gloomy Deep,
To fetter up my wandring Thoughts to rest.

I I.

See, see, bright scorching Flames about me rise,
Bright as the Beams of my Clorinda's Eyes,
And I the Martyr in those Flames rejoyce.
Sound all your Flutes, ye softest pow'rs of Love;
Warble your Triumphs from your Seats above;
Then chant my Requium with a dying Voice.

Enter Eager.

Eag. What Melancholy in your Chamber, Collonel? ——— What's the meaning of this?

Bel. Dispos'd a little to Contemplation.

Eag. Han't you been ranging yet amongst your *Bona Roba's*, and discharging your self upon our *Coven-Garden* Proprietors of Lace, Linnen, and Silks?

Bel. No.

Eag. Why, you are oblig'd to propagate an Issue of young Hero's of the Blade. —
'Twould be of manifest prejudice to the Nation, to have the Striplings of the next
Age be the lumpish lawfully begotten Off-spring of *Sedgentry Cits*.

Bel. Thou'rt for propagating thy own dear Vocation, tho it were only for the sake of Pimping.

Eag. I should be glad to do you any Service in that Province of mine.

Bel. Faith, *Eager*, I am not grown so far out of Acquaintance to want Assistance,
nor have so little knowledge of the World to trust thee.

Eag. Ownz, do you think I have so small a respect for my *Careafs*, as to practice
my little Tricks upon you? ——— You have something Collonel sits heavy upon your
Thoughts. ——— Let's go chat over a Dish of Tea with *Kissuna*, she's a merry Jade, and
will give you some Account of the Intrigues of the Town; ——— but to prevent
us, here she comes to give you a Visit. Enter

Enter Vesuvia.

Vesuvia, Your Servant, Warrior; — what makes you thus Baricado'd? I have been oblig'd to force my Entrance. — Pray for whom amongst your *Flanderskins* must we make our Lamentations: — But we are so us'd now to the loss of our dear Creatures, that our Condolance is very short. — Poor Rogue, is he gone? — that's all I faith.

Bell. We are pretty even with you in good nature. — When we hear of the decease of any of you Women of the Town, — we may be say, she was a good humour'd thing, but 'twas pity she should have liv'd to have made a Bawd.

Ves. Very evil this.

Bell. Why did not you make your Campaign this Year, Madam? You'd certainly have had the first Post among our Amazons. — *Dutch* Hogans, *German* Counts, and *Spanish* Cavaliers, would have been your daily Victims. — Perhaps you might have become the Mother of a *Vesuvian* Prince.

Ves. I had fitted up my Equipage, but I was kindly prevented by a keeping Lord of our own, as good a Booty I believe, as any of your Foreign Dons.

Eag. I know who you mean. — Is he well-furnisht, Child?

Ves. He is furiously furnish'd with an indigence of Ability. — You know that entitles us to press for good Payment; — but I can dispence with that small Obstacle of Impotency in my Keeper, now Collonel *Bellair* is come to Town?

Bell. I am oblig'd to you for the Drudgery you design me; — but thank my Stars, I am otherwise provided.

Ves. Good lack, Drudgery! you might have found out a better way of expressing your self, methinks. — What has your lusty Excellencies reach'd the Ears of some musty Quality, who has made choice of you to prop up her rotten and tottering Reputation.

Bell. The truth on't is Child, I am going to mislead my self into a right way. — How dost think I shall become Wedlock?

Ves. As awkwardly, I believe, as I do Devotion; — but if that's all, it wont spoil your ranging long. — We don't find that Marriage prevents Leudness in the least. — A separate Bed in a Month's time, and a separate Maintenance at the Years end, are no new things amongst us.

Eag. If that be the business, *Vesuvia* shan't be behind hand with you. — I have got a thumping Squire for you, I'faith Child; — Two thousand a Year is the least penny of his Estate.

Ves. Prithce, *Eager*, be serious.

Eag. On my Soul I am in earnest, — he has seen you already, — and swears Flesh, Blood, and Bones, he'll have you. — I'll bring him to you anon; faith I shall deserve a substantial Pension.

Ves. You know my Temper is far from being ungrateful.

Eag. I have a brace of old Leachers you must help me to manage first. — It shall be your farewell in that way.

Ves. With a

Ves. With all my heart. — 'Sdeath, I can but think how I shall ruffle in the World when I come to elbow Quality. — I'll look big on my Visiting-nights; loll back in my Coach at *Hide-Park*, and Box it at the Play with the best of 'em.

Bel. I shall be well-pleas'd to see it, faith, *Vesuvius*; — On my Conscience thou'lt become Grandeur well.

Ves. *Bellair*, I shall have you skewing your self into Cringes at a distance. — And when I think fit to admit you nearer my Presence, you'll be thrusting into my Gloves your impertinent Billet-doux, but I shall be otherwise provided, and have no need of your Drudgery.

Bel. What won't you forgive me one single blunt Expression?

Eag. You shall get your Booby knighted for the sound sake of my Lady.

Ves. I am confident, I shan't fail in any Application for that piece of Service. —

I have a large stock of Promises for Court Favours, that I accepted when ready Cash has been wanting. — And I know a certain Gentleman that will usher my Spouse to receive his new Honour, then take him to the King's Cellar, and make him Drunk whilst I am slipp'd into a private Room to have a Lord dub me a Lady.

Bel. Prithee, *Vesuvius*, let's hear who and who's together. — You us'd to be full of News. — How go the Affairs of the Town?

Ves. Oh most abominably Scandalous! Every body strives to be first at Ingratitude and Treachery. — And the hearts of the Women are as false as their Beauties.

Bel. That was always so.

Ves. But, what's new is, — our Ladies now first trust each other, and then through an accountable Malice make discoveries. — You Gallants may spare your selves the vanity of boasting.

Eag. It's very true.

Ves. Nay, some, as if they envi'd themselves the Bliss, are the first Publishers of their own Infamy; — so that our whole Sex seems to have as little regard to common Prudence, as they have pretensions to Morality.

Bel. Ah, ah, ah, very good.

Eag. And for the Men, ye Gods defend us. — Every individual Person is a true Picture of old *Judas*. — Pretensions and meanings are diametrically opposite, a fawning Grin of a great Man, is a certain Sign he'll ruin you.

Bel. Notable Satyr, this.

Eag. For our Principles, we change them as oft as *Camelions* do their Colours. — And private Interest in Persons of Trust never fails to over-balance the publick Concern. — And the discovering of their finging, has not been the effect of Honesty but Spight.

Bel. The truth on't is, our late Briberies have made a great noise in the World!

Eag. The World is peopled now with Monsters, — Church-Atheists, State-Hypocrites, and Conscientious Cut-throats. — What's more common than that ungenerous Trade of Cheating by the name of Friendship? — In short, all Vices flourish, whilst poor Virtue stalks about ragged and contemn'd.

Bell. A pleasant Scene this, to hear a profess'd Strumpet talk of Morality, and a known Cheat of Virtue and Honesty.

Ves. Very blunt again, methinks, Coll.

Bell. How e're unhappy the Age is in its Miscarriages, it's rarely blest by a couple of such Reformers.

Eag. We that are most instrumental in the Vices of the World, are the best able to give an account of them.

Ves. I am sure we are less prejudicial to the World, that make Lewdness and cheating our Profession, than those that practise both, under the Disguises of Honour and Religion; and pretend to sanctifie their Crimes by their Places and Habits.

Bell. Hark you, good People, I must deal plainly with you, and desire you to walk off,—— having particular Business that require me to be private.

Eag. By all means, Sir. Come Madam *Vesuvia*, let you and I go perfect the Work I have prepar'd.

Ves. And must I part from your Chamber at this rate, Coll.—— I vow this is a strange Reformation.—— Well, for the future I'll have nothing to say to you; from a noble generous Ranger, I see you are grown a sneaking doting Lover, and therefore ought to be abandon'd by ev'ry free-born Breast, and left to the frozen Embraces of a cold virtuous Wife, where may you starve unpitied by all Women that have the least grace of Gallantry. With this hearty Curse I leave you.

[*Exeunt Eag. and Ves.*]

Enter Jocond.

Bell. Come, *Jocond*, you have been an Age away.—— Well:—— How?—— What?—— Is all?—— Bless me, crowds of Questions press so upon my Lips, that they hinder each others passage.

Joc. Well, Sir, I'll save you the trouble of asking, and tell you all that you can wish to know.

Bell. Quick then, why this Harangue?

Joc. Old Mrs. *Sprightly*, your true Friend,—— did so smuggle me, nay, she said I should lye with her.

Bell. Ounze, what's this to the purpose?

Joc. Patience, Sir,—— and then the wanton old Jade took me into her Chamber, and ask'd so many Questions of *Flanders*; first, whether I spilt any Blood in the Wars; and then, whether I had lost my Maidenhead;—— and then,——

Bell. Dam ye,—— you impertinent young Dog;—— what have I to do with this?—— Were not you to tell me of my Mistress, you should never speak a word more.

Joc. Good Sir, bridle your Passion; you shall have no occasion to be angry when I have told you all.

Bell. Blood and Death, tell me all the next Sentence you speak, or your Bones shall pay for't.

Joc. Now, Sir, I come to the point,—— your Mistress is very well; she look'd over your Presents with a great deal of satisfaction,—— seems pleas'd at your return:—— In fine, you'll be better inform'd by the Contents of this.

[*Bell. snatches the Letter.*]

E

Bell. Hell

Bell. Hell and Furies, why did you not give me this at first?

[*Bellair reads starting.*

Joc. O, Sir, there might be danger in an over-hasty Bliss;—— a sudden Joy has often prov'd fatal;—— with-holding a Pleasure is the way to endear it.

Bell. What have you been abusing me, you young Villain? Make things plain to me or I'll sacrifice you to the pit of Hell.

Joc. Lord, Sir! what I told you is positive truth.— I hope you have had sufficient proof of my faithful service.—— I am sure I discover'd so much by her own looks, and by what both Old *Sprightly* and Madam *Plyant* told me; that if she has writ any thing that seems unkind, I dare swear she has bely'd her own Thoughts

Bell. [Reads] Sir, I must own my self not a little concern'd at your present return, since I am sensible that the Circumstances I now lie under may be very surprizing to you; each of my Uncles are resolv'd to dispose of me, and have oblig'd me to comply with their Intentions. You may take your own Measures, and propose something most diverting to you; your Endeavours in that nature shall be seconded by my Wishes, and your Misfortunes shar'd by

Eliz. Purslew.

Were I to advise you, it should be to repair to your Post.

Adieu.

Joc. Why, I dare say every word is truth, and her real meaning.—— Pray let me see the Letter.—— The Lady I liv'd withall before I came to you, was notable at the little Mysteries of *Billet-doux*, and instructed me mightily in such Affairs. [Reads to himself.] Why to me it seems you have as bless'd an Answer as you could wish. I should read it thus; [Reads.] Sir, I am very well pleas'd you are come to Town, now I can surprize you with the news of being at my own Disposal. My Uncles have separately engag'd me to two several Persons, which I have seemingly consented to, that I might the better deliver my self to you. If the possession of me will be what's most diverting to you, use your own Measures, my Wishes shall kindly meet your Intentions, and your Concerns for the future durisfully shar'd by

Eliz. Purslew.

Were I to advise you; repair to the Post, a Lover ought to maintain in his Mistress Affections.

Adieu.

Bell. O my dear Boy! how sweet are those ravishing Accents?—— Yet still I doubt what most I would believe.

Joc. Upon my life, Sir, there's not a Syllable but bears this Construction, which perfectly agrees with all other Circumstances.—— And now, Sir, to give you the Soul and Quintessence of my Embassy, which was whisper'd to me by your Mistress Confident, and no doubt by her order, you are suddenly to meet her.—— Prepare your self for a Rencontre,—— she is accidentally to fall into the Ambush, and you are to bear her off with flying Colours.—— Come along, Sir, I'll shew you the place,—— the time draws near.

Strike sure, for 'tis the Crisis of your Bliss.

Bell. I'll strike at Fate, should I the Blessing miss.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E Covent-Garden.

Enter Mrs. Purflew and Mrs. Plyant,

Purf. Shall we go look upon some Silks, *Couz?* — *Coll. Bellair* lodges somewhere hereabouts; shou'd he meet us, he'd conclude I came on purpose to see for him.

Ply. Good lack! and not judge amiss; — as if you did not know that I sent him word we should be here, with Resolutions, as I imagin'd, to conclude on the matter, when to crown his Passion.

Purf. I know you sent him word! — I conclude the matter! I crown his Passion! What does the Girl mean?

Ply. Ha, ha, ha! This is very pritty; — I am sure you gave me large hints to guess at your Intentions. — And pray what's the business of an humble Confident; if not to inch out coming Inclinations, or bear the blame of pretended Mistakes.

Purf. I can't imagine what you'd be at.

Ply. Lord, we Women in love are so perverse in our Humours, — and would always seem to walk counter to our Intentions; what advances we make are backwards, like the Marches of a Crab.

Purf. I own I have let the Woman grow a little upon me: — I have nettled him, I believe, in the Letter I sent by *Jocond*; though I left him room for a favourable Interpretation, but Lovers generally lay hold on the wrong end.

Ply. How many of us do make Pride and Ill-nature our Diversion? We love that our Tongues should contradict our Hearts; as well as to have our Women belye our Faces, — and are always stretching our Thoughts for new Matter to torment both our selves and our Lovers.

Purf. Well, say what you will, I am resolv'd, when I see him, to receive him very coldly.

Ply. And I am resolv'd to disabuse him. — I am confident you love him, and doubt not in the least his Sincerity, why then shou'd you sacrifice the Respect of him you esteem at the cost of your own?

Purf. I am sure I have reason to scruple his Sincerity; since I very much believe he gives himself the same licentious freedom in the World as ever.

Ply. Why? you would not be so unreasonable to expect to be sole Proprietor, before you are in possession, would you?

Purf. Besides, there's a secret pleasure to see how our Admirers behave themselves under a disgrace: who would not know the force of her Frowns, as well as the power of her Smiles? — A little insult is an inseparable Prerogative of our Sovereignty during our Courtship.

Ply. And we often pay dear for playing the Tyrant,—— when a Man of Sense comes to reflect on the baseness of his Slavery we design him, and prudently refuses the weight of our Shackles, how contemptible do we appear when we prostrate our Charms afresh to re-invite his Service;—— therefore, Cousin, have a care of playing foul in Love, lest you lose your Gamester that has the best Stock and then be oblig'd to play with others upon Tick.

Purf. I protest yonder he comes.

Enter Bellair and Jocond.

[*Ply. talks with Joc. apart.*]

Bell. This, Madam, was the kindest thing imaginable;—— and though you are fair to a Miracle, it may bring in question, whether your Goodness is not of larger extent than your Beauty.

Purf. Perhaps, Sir, you mis-interpret the One, as you mistake the Other.

Bell. My Sufferings have confirm'd my Judgment;—— and had I ten thousand Lives, the force of your Charms would be justify'd by as many Victims.

Purf. I am convinc'd you are in no great danger of being sacrific'd to the force of Love; you're not unexperienc'd of a sure way of Prevention.

Bell. None but your self can cure the Wounds you have made.—— Nature generally provides the surest Antidote from what caus'd the Infection.

Purf. And from the first Principle of Nature, I shall take care of Self-preservation.

Bell. 'Twould be Sacrilege in the highest degree to injure her chiefest Work.

Purf. But, Sir, tho you were so Improvident to entertain an unlucky Passion,—— I am confident your long absence has by this time procur'd you a good reasonable Indifferency.

Bell. Absence, Madam, has had the same effect on my Passion, as the Wind has on Fire;—— it extinguishes a faint Flame, but feeds and excites a great one.

Purf. And has not your She-volunteer had Power sufficient to abate those Flames?

Bell. What She-volunteer?—— Hang me if I can imagine what you mean!

Ply. Come, what little bickrings are these betwixt you two Lovers?

Purf. Do you know this Hand?

[*Shews a Letter.*]

Bell. No, by my Soul don't I.

Ply. How's this!—— but I do:—— Lord, was this the business that caus'd your mighty Scruples?

Bell. [*to Plyant*] I beseech you, Madam, the meaning on't?

Ply. That Letter was a Contrivance of your old Aunt *Whim's*,—— she made Mrs. Grace Copy it, and then sent her with it, to her Brother at the Post-Office, to put it in amongst the Foreign Letters.—— Let me see, it begins thus;—— *You would do well, Madam, to entertain no farther thoughts of that dear Man, whose Fatigues I share, and whose Caresses I enjoy, and so forth:—— by the same token the Night you receiv'd it, she laid the Blaid-bone of a Shoulder of Mutton under your Pillow, and pump'd you the next day at Dinner for your Dream.—— Do you remember this?*

Purf. And

Purf. And you, Cousin, privy to the Contrivance?

Ply. Indeed Mrs. *Grace* shew'd me the Letter; — but I profess I look'd upon it so frivolous and improbable, that I never minded to acquaint you with it.

Bell. I am sorry, Madam, you so easily entertain thoughts to my prejudice.

Purf. However, Sir, since it does not lie in my power. —

Ply. Nay, now I swear you tell a Ripper; — for to let you know the truth, — it never did lie in her power till this very day; and now she is wholly Mistress of her self.

Bell. Now, Madam, where lies the next Objection?

Purf. Well, since as my Cousin *Plyant* tells you, I am but this day sole disposer of my Person, it's but reasonable I should spend some time under my own Jurisdiction.

Bell. Faith my Service should not diminish but enlarge your Dominion.

Purf. I have no mind to be serious now, but will give my Thoughts a loose for the present. Adieu. — Come away Cous. [Exit.]

Ply. Whatever Circumference they take, ne're doubt, Sir, their centring upon you, — Hark you, we'll be anon upon the Walks. — Adieu, Sir. [Exit.]

Bell. Hey-day, — what can be the meaning of this? If she gets once into the Town-road of Love, I had been much happier to have receiv'd the kind Salutation of a Twelve-pounder long e're now.

Joc. This is only a feint to draw you to Battle. — Well, of a Souldier, I never saw such a timorous whining Lover as you are. — Why did not you take the little Baggage and sling her into a Coach, and away with her, I'm confident you'd please her better than to have her repent her bargain.

Bell. Sirrah, hold your prophane Tongue, or I'll cut it out; — what you say, I cou'd do, did I not love her; — nay more, cut any bodie's Throat that interpos'd: — Ravish the Joys she were so nice of, and then abandon her to Despair and Infamy.

Joc. Ay, now you talk like a Man of your own Profession.

Bell. Such an Action might be the result of Lust; or what were due to a Jilt; but mine's a Flame pure as the vestal Fire, and she as sacred as the pious Saint that attends the Altar: — But this I'll do, I'll pursue her to the utmost, and reach her too if possible. — Numberless are the Toils of Love and War, and whoever expects to succeed in either is requir'd to be indefatigable. [Exeunt.]

Enter Eager.

Eag. Just upon the stroak of Three; — the Alderman, no doubt, will be here presently; here he comes already.

Enter Alderman.

Ald. Oh, art thou there, my trusty Mercury?

Eag. I find, Sir, you are punctual to a minute.

Ald. 'Sbud, I am as hot as a pamper'd Prelate, — my Blood beat an alarum in my Veins to give me notice of the time, and away I came, I dad.

Eag. I'll

Eag. I'll secure you as cool as Cloured Cream ere she has done with you ; I'll assure you she's almost inaccessible, had not I the influence of a Relation over her.

Ald. Prithee see, fee, good boy ; 'Sbodlikins I took a Dose of *Cantarides* this morning, and methinks I am so lusty.

Eag. I vow you look as brisk, Mr. Alderman, as though you were but fifteen.

Ald. I ? Hem—hem—There's Lungs for you—I am as sound as Heart of Oak, boy :——I was a pritty Youth when I was fifteen—nay, I am a very comely handsome old Gentleman now.——Old—not very old neither, a little turn'd my Prime, not much neither——But prithee see, see a little whether she be at leisure, my dear Boy, will you ? [Eager knocks.]

Enter Vesuvia.

Eag. Here she comes——Madam, a very worthy acquaintance of mine begs the liberty to kiss your fair Hand.

Ves. I am oblig'd, Sir, to give civil Entertainment to your self ; or to any friend of yours, so far as it consists with my honour.

Eag. When you hear me knock, take care to slip him into your Closter.

[*Aside to Vesuvia, and slips off.*]

Ald. Madam, as the rising Sun is ador'd by the prostrate *Persian*, no less Worship and Veneration shall be paid you, by your humble Slave and Vassal *Nicholas Whim*, Citizen and Alderman of *London*.

Ves. You are very Courtly, Sir.

Ald. Nay hold, you shall have more——Nor has the Rays of your bright Eyes diffus'd their Power with less force, through the Territories of my Heart, than does the Beams of that glorious Planet shed their Influence through the utmost depths of our sublunary World. Hem, hem, This I heard a City-Poet say to my Lady Mayress. [*Aside.*]

Ves. What makes you so florid, Sir ? you might spare your Rhetorick——a more familiar way of Expression suits better with the matter of Love ; and I suppose that's your business.

Ald. Yes, my sweet Sugar-sops——Love, Love's the dear business——You have hit the mark, you have nick'd it I dad—and I'll nick you anon——and my Name is *Nick*——and there will be Nick upon Nick : how do you like that, Lady Bright ?——was not that smart and familiar ?

Ves. You are a very merry Gentleman, truly.

Ald. Pish, this is nothing, my little Pigfny, to what you shall see me do anon——To give you a taste of my familiarity, let me mumble, let me mumble these Pitty-paddy-pods of yours, E-e-e-e——now let me smuggle between my little Biddy's Bubbies, E-e-e-e——Oh how did they caper it, perk it and jerk it under the green-wood Tree. [*Sings and Dances.*] O Lawd, O Lawd, I am taken with a strange Dizziness in my Head——Pray, Madam, have you ever a Coach, or a Pallat-bed, where I might repose my self a little.

Ves. Sir, I'll conduct you into my Chamber, and give you some of my Waters. *Ald.*

Ald. Thank you, good Lady; thank you, good Lady. — There, there was a Project of mine. [Exit.]

[Aside.]

Enter Eager.

Eag. So, there's one noos'd — I shan't be long without the Fellow on thee: To trap these old Buck-fitches, is, I think, a very reasonable piece of Service. — It's so preposterous a thing to see old doating, drivelling Fellows pretend to feats of Love; the thoughts of it chills my blood, and gives me a disrellish to the sweet sin itself. I protest here comes Sir *Nicholas*.

Enter Sir Nicholas Purflew.

Sir Nich. I am sincerely glad to find you so minutely punctual, Mr. *Eager*.

Eag. Certainly, S.r, I should have been erroneous to a degree of stupidity to have disappointed a Person of your Worth and Character; especially in a business of this moment.

Sir Nich. You say well, Sir: It is a matter of great moment — Scowring off the Rust of Nature, and refining our Vital Spirits, from the scum and dross they contract, by cohabiting with the Earthly particles of the Body — By which the Mind may become alleviated, and all its noble faculties operate with greater freedom and vigour.

Eag. I vow, Sir *Nicholas*, you talk very prittily of Wenching.

Sir Nich. Oh, Sir, I understand it in all its Branches, Divisions, and Sub-divisions — how far it has been encouraged in several of the best-constituted Governments — and how we came to be Priest-driver from the allow'd practice of it — I have compos'd a little Tract upon that Subject, which I design to get Printed at *Amsterdam* — It will be of singular use.

Eag. It's pitty but the World should be oblig'd with it.

Sir Nich. I have there laid down its Rise, Growth and Progress, and have trac'd it from its very Original; which I find to be very Antient — Wonderful antient, truly.

Eag. I protest, Sir, your Discourse of it almost equals its pleasures.

Sir Nich. But, Mr. *Eager*, pray one word with you — Is this Lady of any Descent? — has she any pretensions to Coat-armour? — I vow I wou'd not Contaminate my self with vulgar Blood for Christendom — I would not touch the Flesh of any under-a Gentlewoman.

Eag. Oh, dear Sir, she is a near Relation of mine by my Mother's side, her Name *Vesuvia*.

Sir Nich. *Vesuvia*! Ods so, of the Old *Neopolitan Vesuvians* — Let me see, she beareth in a Field-Argent a Furnace Sable, ejecting sulphureous Flames proper.

Eag. Her Furnace may have a *Neopolitan* Heat in it, as far as I know; do you look to that. [Aside.]

Sir Nich. A Family of great Antiquity, upon my Honour. — Burning of Brimstone has been of very long date in the World.

Eag.

Eag. And is like to continue very long, or else we lie under a great mistake.

Sir Nich. Sir, will you please to Supplicate the Lady to admit of my humble Devoirs.

Eag. This is her Lodgings, I'll knock and see whether she be at leisure. [*Knocks*] So now for my Disguise. [*Exit.*]

Enter Vefuvia.

Sir Nich. Having, Madam, received Intimation of your Ladiships high Worth, and nobleness of Blood, I look upon my self to be oblig'd in honour to tender you my Offers of displaying your bearing, and searching into your Pedigree.

Vef. What a pritty ingenious way you have found of opening your Intentions, Good *Sir Nicholas Purflew.*

Sir Nich. A Lady of transcendent Parts, I dare avow.

Vef. Your Character is so honourable, and your Ingenuity so conspicuous, that I shall be proud of serving you — Within here, in my Chamber, I have my Scutcheon; if you please, you shall go in and see it.

[*A Noise of Roaring and Singing without.*]

[*Bullies without.*] Scour, scour, scour; Ferret, ferret the Whores; Bolt, bolt.

Vef. O Lord, what will become of us? some rude drunken fellows are got into the House, slip into my Closet, and I'll deal with 'em as well as I can.

[*Vefuvia thrusts Sir Nich. into the Closet.*]

Enter Eager in Disguise, with Bullies.

Bull. Here, here's one.

Eag. O, Madam *Mynx*, are you there?—Where are the rest of your Coneys of this Burrough?—Da— me, we must have every one, one, or you'll have very hot work on't.

Bull. 'Sbud unrig her, uncase her; make the Picture of Fortune of her, and let her shew the Naked truth. [*Vef. slips off.*]

A SONG.

I.

Let us Revel and Roar, the whole World is our Store;

Nay, the Gods shall Club to our Pleasure:

When we Wallow all Night, in an unknown Delight,

Aurora discovers the Treasure.

II.

Let us never Repine, whilst brisk Wenches and Wine,

Make the Brims of our Lives run over;

Leave the How and the What, to the Politick Sot,

And the When, to the Fool of a Lover.

Thus

III.

*Thus free from all Cares of Taxes and Wars,
We know not the Name of Dull Sorrow;
Every Purse is our Prey, which we spend in a Day,
And the Devil take Care for to morrow.*

Eag. What, is the Brimstone vanish'd? — I'll rummage her Closet for a Bottle of cold Tea.

Bull. Da—me, do, and we'll see the bottom of it.

Bull. Ro—t me so we will, and then stagger to fresh Game.

Eag. 'Ounz here's a brace of old Fornicators.

Bullies. Out with 'em, Out with 'em.

Eag. No, one at a time. — What a pox does your Goatship here?

[Pulls out Sir Nich.]

Bull. Kimbaw him, Kimbaw him.

Bull. Ay, ay; Kimbaw him, Kimbaw him.

Eag. We'll only make you lighter by a stone or two — that's all, get a clost stick and a sharp knife here.

Ald. *[In the Closet.]* O——h.

Eag. Hold your bellowing, your turn's a coming.

Sir Nich. Why look you, friend, I am a Man of honour— *Sir Nicholas Purflew* by name, Herald and Antiquary by profession; Therefore out of a just respect to all honour either past, present, or what's to come; I hope you'll regard me with a due Decorum, and desist from any rudeness.

Eag. Da—m your Decorum— You have been a Traytor to your own lawfull Spouse, therefore you must be revers'd. *{ The Bullies set him on his Head, and shake all the Money out of his Pockets, which Eager gathers up.*

Bull. Ay, ay; Reverse him, reverse him.

Eag. It rains plentifully; this is one of Old *Jupiter's* show'rs; so in with him: now for the next. *[They turn him in, and the Alderman comes skipping out.]*

Ald. Why Gentlemen, do you see, Gentlemen, I love a Wench, Gentlemen, as well as the best of you, Gentlemen — and believe you are very honest Gentlemen; and make use of this project to get a little Ready — Pray take this Purse I'dad, and I won't grudge you a Groat on't.

Bull. A very reasonable Gentleman.

[Eager and the Bullies go off, shaking the Purse, and Singing, Every Purse is our Prey, which, &c. and crying, Scour, scour, scour.]

Ald. Come Brother *Sir Nicholas*, the Coast is clear, a couple of very pritty fellows I'dad. — A — h, Brother, this comes of Whoring.

Sir Nich. O Lawd, O Lawd, I shan't get my Guts in their right place this month — And the fright for my Manhood won't off, I fear, much longer. — This must certainly be an enchanted Castle; those three were Gyant's Cubs, and that *Fezabel* the Witch, I dare say she had Cloven feet, had we look'd.

Ald. Let's make the best of a bad Marker; pop into a Coach; — Drive to a Tavern, and drink away Sorrow.

Enter Eager Stript.

Eag. Gentlemen, I heard a great Noise, thought you might be abus'd; and coming to your Rescue, was met in the next Room by some Ruffians, stript as you see, and beat most confoundedly.

Ald. I'dad I began to have but an ill opinion of thee.

Sir Nicb. I must confess I began to have some Dubitation, that Mr. Eager had not dealt very candidly.

Eag. This I get by being serviceable to my Friends——and now to be Ill thought on sticks worse by me than my Bastinading.——Wrong my Friends?——I'de be drawn Piece-meal first.

Ald. Come Eager, we'll take thee along with us, and recompence thee for thy misfortunes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Goosandelo, and Footman.

Footm. That's the House, Sir, where the two Ladies went in.

Goof. Very well, enough, enough:——Go bid my Coachman turn the Coach before the door, and lash the Horses,——and do you Dogs make a noise, that the Ladies may look out of their Windows and see the Splendour of my Equipage:——I would have the Eyes of a Whole street upon the Gaze, as soon as ever I approach it.——*Lol, lol; la, ra; la, ra.* *[Tunes aloud.]*

Enter Sapsle's hastily, Puffing and Blowing.

Sap. Oh, Couzin, ha I found you?

Goof. How now, Mr. Sapsle's,——how long have you been in Town?——What a pox makes you in such a heat?

Sapl. Why, I was going to see for yo, to know whether yo can oste me, to find out our John't Bailly; I ha been running up tawn and dawn tawn to finden, and one had as good look't Needle in Bottle a Hay, as any body in this tawn.

Goof. What the devil does he say? Da'me if I understand him a syllable——How does my Lady and your pritty Sisters?——When do they come to town?

Sapl. They'r aw weel at whome, thank ye.——Tlasses are aw-ways tawking on you, Couzin——They lov'n you hugeny b'mass.

Goof. Don't say Couzin, when you speak to a Person of Quality, but say, Sir—and prithee try to speak intelligibly; Lawd, lawd, what a monster of a thing is a Country Squire——Oh saw, how he stinks of Sweat. *[Takes Snuff.]*

Sapl. Gifs a little Snuff.

[Snatches the Box.]

Goof. Quinz how he paws it!——a foot of an Ox would take it out hand-somer——'Od confound him, he has dropt my box.——What the devil have you done, Sir?——there's not another box-full of it in the Universe——I had it from Donna Aurelia Formalitosa, and she had it from Don Antonio Ernesto Scalfatto, and he had it out of the King of Spain's own Box.

Sapl. A chawnce, a chawnce comes aws weel, aws weel: *[Gathering it up.]*

Goof.

Goof. Pray, for the Respect I bear your Family, let me furnish you with a Tutor, that he may cut you out of the Rough, and Polish you a little; — and when you have got your English, and know how to put on your Cloaths, you may be fit to go to the Accademy — Then I'll take care to lay on the finishing strokes, and make a compleat Gentleman of you.

Sapl. Yo tawken — 'Sfesh I am a Gentleman enough aw-ready in mine none Country, and I thinken I ought to be thoughten so here; for I ha been saw drunk at Tavern, and have layn all Neet at a Bawdy-house; and they tell'n me yo *London* Gentlemen do no more.

Goof. O abominable! I find thou art beyond the hope of Retrieving. — Tgad here comes the Ladies — away *Saples* — vanish, prithee vanish, I would not be seen in the Company of such an Animal for the Universe.

Sapl. Marry, and yo been thereabouts — I had rather be Coupled to our Joler for a twelve month, than be forc'd to stay with yo for an hour: and so fare you well with a Murrain to you. [Exit.]

Goof. Powder me, Powder me, ye Dog. [His Footman flings Powder on him.]

Enter Mrs. Purflew and Mrs. Plyant.

Goof. O Ladies, I seize you here as lawfull Prize — I rule in this Parish of *Coven-Garden* as Sovereignly by day, as ever *Stoaks* did by night, and the Beauties of these Precincts contest my power with as little success as the Bullies did his.

Purf. Sure Sir, the limits of a Parish are too small to confine your Graces — the Rays of your Charms have an influence that's Universal.

Goof. That's true, Madam; and when ever they contract themselves to give place to a greater Light, it is in your Presence.

Ply. Right Mr. *Goosandelo* still.

Purf. Indeed there's little danger of Mr. *Goosandelo* altering his temper — a harden'd Fop is as irreclaimable as a sottish Drunkard. [Aside.]

Goof. But, Madam, I suppose you are not unacquainted with Sir *Nicholas's* Resolution.

Purf. I don't at all dispute his Intention, Sir.

Goof. Nor scruple his Judgment, I hope.

Ply. There was little occasion for its being over-discriminating in its Choice of you, Mr. *Goosandelo*.

Goof. That's true again, Madam. — I vow I pity some Ladies that I know — this Wedding will mortifie 'em strangely.

Purf. No doubt of it. — Come, Couzin, let's away.

Goof. I'll usher you to your Coach, Ladies.

Drive on Dull Time, to reach my Waiting Joys,
Moments are Ages in a Lover's Eyes.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE Walks.

Bellair and Jocond.

Bell. These are the Walks — But I see nothing of them yet.

Joc. Ne'er doubt their being here anon, Sir. — I question not but she is as intent upon the Matter as your self.

Bell. Sirrah, hunt about, and be as vigilant as a Lynx — You shall meet with me hereabouts.

Joc. I'll secure you, Sir, my part shan't be wanting — I'll say that for my self, there is ne'er a Puppy-dog in the Kingdom better taught to seek out and find, than I am. *[Exit.]*

Bell. For my life I can't find out the true nature of Woman — not a single motion of their Minds, but seems irregular — their Thoughts and Resolves no sooner bubble up, but they break and are dissipated with the same puff of Air, that first rais'd 'em — the Composure of their Souls is too light and unsuitable for the strength of their Charms; which have power to oppress with a delight, and to enslave with a pleasure, whilst with a secret Joy, we lose our selves, and blindly trace the mazing Labarinths of Love. *[Exit.]*

Enter Eager, talking with Goosandelo.

Eag. 'Tis no otherwise than I expected — 'Sbud, Sir, you look very charming — with this Presence you have power to kill like Lightning at a distance — 'Tis but clapping your Hat before your face, and taking it away again of a sudden — Flash, if ere a Woman in Christendom would not fall as flat as a Flounder, I'd perish.

Goof. May be so, I vow — *Ha bien ajusté*; let me die, *Eager*, I think thou do'st not flatter me. *[Looking in his Glass, and pruning himself.]*

Eag. Flatter you! — You can't be flatter'd, your Perfections are unspeakable.

Goof. I have now put on most of my Graces, in order to the celebrating my Nuptials.

Eag. Why, the Bride can't choose but think she has got a Young God in her Arms.

Goof. Gad I am a Violent Fool to make Love to Mortals, paulty flesh and blood — I should reserve my self for Nymphs and Goddesses.

Eag. No doubt they'll come in search of you; if you'll have but patience — Was you ne'er attack't with a *Succubus* yet?

Goof. *Succubus, succubus*, who's she? Some foreign Princess! is it not?

Eag. No Sir, no; they are black-ey'd Ladies of the Royal Blood of *Pluto* — when

when they find a Man that's cast in something more than Humane Mould, as you appear to be; they slip gently into his Bed when he's fast a-sleep,—— clasp their airy Limbs about him, and so enjoy him in a Dream.

Goof. Pox on 'em, if those are they I have 'em ev'ry Night;—— they harass me off my Legs.

Eag. They are very busie when they find out such a compleat, sweet, youthful Person as your self, especially if he's a Lover of Provocatives, such as Shell-fish, Cavere, Eringo-roots, Pistachoo-past, *Spanish Chocolate*, &c.

Goof. There's the business then, for I violently love all such things;—— but, *Eager*, there's a great bulky Volume of the Law, a Favourite of the Alderman's, hankers after my Mistress.

Eag. I know him, *Breviat*: Dam him, next time you see him in your Mistress's Company, kick him, he dares not fight;—— To my knowledge he's as afraid of a drawn Sword as an Atheist is of Thunder.

Goof. Wou'd I were sure of that,—— not but that I know it impossible for any Man to supplant my Interest in her; but I wou'd not have her blow'd upon by the breath of such a Bear, and I am so passionate, that I protest I dare scarce trust my self with repairing my own Injuries:—— Can't not get him murder'd for me?

Eag. It will be something chargeable if you'll have it done decently.

Goof. Decently? No, no, butcher him any how, his foul Carcass does not deserve a jauntie thrust, else I'd do it my self.

Eag. First do you beat him, if he mutters I'll take him to task.

Goof. Let me die, *Jack Eager*, thou'rt a very honest fellow;—— prithee accept of this, and stand my Friend; [*gives him Money.*] thou shalt stay with me:—— If he comes, you and I and my Footmen will trounce him, I gad,—— we'll sacrifice him, a Dog, a Rogue, a Son of a Whore.——

Enter Breviat.

— O Lord, here he comes,—— don't take any notice of it, for I ben't in a quarrelling temper at present.—— Your Servant, good Mr. *Breviat*,—— I must own I never had any esteem for a Man of your Profession till your Worth laid an Embargo on me and my Services.

Brev. Pray, Sir, trade freely with your Services where you please;—— I fear your Stock is so low, that you are not able to freight for a Passage, were it only to cross *Covent-Garden*, to give an account how your Completion heightens.

Goof. What, do you intend to be sharp upon me?—— if you do look to your self, for I'll serk you with Repartee, I'll promise you.—— *Eager*, this is the Gentleman that's like to carry the great Fortune, Mrs. *Purfleet*.

Brev. 'Twill be impossible if you make Pretensions, Sir.

Goof. Oh, Sir, I protest every moment, you make fresh Discoveries of your Sense and Judgment.—— Let me perish if I han't forgot to be put on my Scented Leather-Shoes.—— Gentlemen, a matter of high concern requires my attending upon my self to my own Apartment.

[*Exit.*

Brev. Was

Brev. Was there ever such a Pop in Nature? — and yet they tell me, that the Ladies dote on such Fools.

Eag. That the Ladies love Fools is true enough, but they must be Harmless, Credulous, Passive Fools, not such a Self-admiring Fool, as Mr. *Goosandelo* is, that insists so much on the Theme of his dear self, that he can't afford the fair Sex their share of Worship and Flattery.

Brev. That I believe is very true.

Enter Sapless and Vesuvia ; Sapless making awkward Love apart.

Eag. Then a Country Eldest Brother Fool, goes down very well with a Lady, though she be a Woman of good Sense, such as there's a pattern of [*pointing to Sapless*] and she will very lovingly take into her Arms his Worship's lump of animated Earth, though the Blockhead's Brains were compos'd of the worst Mud about his Estate.

Brev. But still I apprehend some danger from this Coxcomb *Goosandelo*.

Eag. When you see him in your Mistresses Company affront him; — Pull him by the Nose; all Women hate a Coward, as much as they do the Man that deals sincerely with their Looks or Conduct; — and I am confident he dare not resent it.

Brev. Are you sure of it?

Eag. As sure as that a *London* Justice go's snacks with Pick-pockets, or that his Clerk gathers Contribution round the Whores Quarters. — Your Man of Dress is ever too nice for a Quarrel, — he has just now own'd that he fears you'll take occasion to fall out with him.

Brev. 'Sbud, I'll do't then. But he has been at *Paris*, and has learnt how to push Mathematically, and kill by Demonstration.

Eag. If he comes to pushing, let me alone with him. I gad I am as ready at whipping Men through the Lungs as a *Smithfield* Cook is at spitting of Pigs at a *Bartolomew* Fair.

Brev. Stick to me, honest *Eager*, in this Business, and there's a token of Encouragement for you. — I must step to a Gentleman's Chamber, I'll be here again in a moment. [Exit.]

Eag. Well, noble Squire, hey for *Cheshire*, how proceed you with the Lady, ha?

Sap. Marry, Maister *Eager*, we sadgen prattily: — I ha fast hold on her, and I con bur keep her: — But they sen in our Country, that he that has holt on a young Woman has got a slippery Eel by the Tail. { Sapless bold-
ing Vesuvia
by the Skirts
of her Gown.

Eag. Spear her then, Squire, and that will secure her.

Sap. 'Sstesh, and so I wood, on I cou'd bur lighten on her on a Sond-bed: — Nea, what sen yo, Mistres?

Ves. I say, it's very hard for a poor weak Woman to withstand your strong and pressing Importunities.

Eag. Do you think you can dispense with a Country-life, Madam?

Ves. No

Ves. No doubt I shall be happy with my pritty Squire in any place.

[*Chucks him under the Chin.*]

Sap. Oh, we han huge merry Folks in *Cheshire*! — I'll mind my Horſes and my Dogs, and yo ſan take care o'th' Dairy and feeding o'th' Swine; — and then at Night to Bed, to play at high Gaſſer hoop, old Laſi.

Eag. Come, make no bones on't, there's a Spiritual Fleſh-broker lives hard by, that will mould you both up into one Maſs of Fleſh and Blood in a trice.

Sap. Maſs I'll lead her thither then. [*Hawks her by the Tail, and Sings.*] Come away, come away; ſweet if thou lov'ſt, come away.

Enter Bellair.

Eag. Coll. *Bellair*, you are come to the Conclusion of a merry Bargain: here's a Couple juſt going to be Priſt-link'd; — you ſhall ſee Madam *Veſuvia* the Honourable Lady *Sapleſs* in a little while.

Bell. Ay? — Are you the Son of Sir *Thomas Sapleſs* of *Cheshire*, Sir?

Sap. Yea, b'Maſt, I am his Son and Heir too, as God wou'd hea it.

Bell. Your Father, Sir, was an honeſt Gentleman, and a very good Friend of mine.

Sap. So he was of mine, Sir, to die in good time and leave me the Eſtate.

Eag. So, — here's all at an end, I fear; — we ſhall have that impertinent miſchievous thing call'd Honour, ſpoil this buſineſs, I'faith. [*Aside.*]

Bell. I vow, Madam, I muſt do that piece of Juſtice to my old Friend, to put a ſtop to this Affair; — I can't in Honour do otherwiſe.

Eag. I thought ſo, I'faith, — 'tis time for me to be gone, left for the ſake of his old Friend, he ſhould think fit to break my Bones out of a point of Honour too. [*Aside and Exit.*]

Ves. Pray what do you mean, good Mr. Collonel? do you think with your Flams to make a breach betwixt our true Conjugal Love and Affection? — Don't believe a word he ſays, Squire. — Sir, you have nothing to do with Mr. *Sapleſs*, — he is my lawful Huſband already; he has promiſ'd me, and that's enough; — and I'll have him if all the Law in the Kingdom will get him me, that I will, ye Scarlet Scarecrow, ye tool of Death and Deſtruction.

Bell. Hold your noiſe, for 'tis to no purpoſe: — Mr. *Sapleſs*, you were upon the brink of Ruine; and going to marry a Doll Common, therefore come along with me, — I'll make you ſenſible of the piece of ſervice I do you, — and for this time put you into ſecure Hands.

Sap. Marry, and may be yo tel'n me nothing but what's truth, and therefore, as they ſen in our Country, Two words a bargain, I'll look before I leap, ſo I will.

Bell. Come away, Sir, pray come along with me. [*Exeunt Bell. and Sap.*]

Ves. What? do you think to run away with my Huſband? I'll have him; I tell you, I'll have have him in ſpight of you, — ye poultry, filthy Upſtart you. [*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Mrs. Purflew and Mrs. Plyant.

Purf. It's pleasant being abroad this Evening.

Ply. I am glad it draws so near Night, I would willingly be *Femme Covert* under the lusty Lawyer:— Here he comes, I vow; I find he has follow'd us upon the dry scent.

Enter Breviar.

Purf. What are you upon the hunt for, Spark?— Some Vizor-Mask to put Law-Cases to.

Brev. I am come, Madam, to retrieve a purloin'd Heart,—— I have issu'd out a Writ *de Corde Replegiendo*, and it is return'd *Elongat'* by your Ladiship.

Purf. You make very learned Love, this might take with some old *Westminster-Hall Trotter*.

Brev. I had rather referr my Bus'ness with you, Madam, to the *Abby* than to the *Hall* at present.

Purf. That you mayn't be out of your Road, I'll entertain my Cousin here to put in my Plea.

Ply. I fear I shall betray your Cause for self-interest, as all Lawyers do;— I must plead guilty, and put in Security for restoring the lost Heart, for which, Sir, I'll be bound body for body.

Brev. I can't except against the Bail;—— but if I had it under the Lady's Hand and Seal 'twere sufficient.

Enter Goosandelo.

Purf. What, would you be hooking me into Contract?— If you are so mistrustfull before-hand, I may well judge of your Jealousie afterwards;—— and so, Mr. Lawyer, you may turn over another leaf, for you'll find nothing to your purpose here, I'll promise you.

Goof. How's this? my Mistress hot upon the Lawyer? I am glad to see that, I faith.—— What now, Black-Box, with Broad-Seal of Yellow Wax?— for such seems your Face afixt to your Body when your Gown's on: What receiving Reprimand at the Bar, ha?

Brev. What make you ask?— thou Composition of perfum'd Past work'd up by the Hands of Quack Operators, thou hast nothing of thy own about thee, but thy Sence, that indeed seems thine by making so dull a forc'd Jest, and afterwards explaining it.

Purf. Do you think this is very becoming, Gentlemen, before us?

Goof. I apprehended this Lawyer had some-how disoblig'd you, Madam, and so look'd upon my self bound in honour to engage on your Ladiship's side.

Brev. 'Sbud I'll venture to affront him.

[*Aside.*]

Purf. I beseech you, Sir, if you must engage, let it be for your self.

Goof. My

Goof. My self? so now I have a good subject, Madam, I am. ———

Purf. Hold, Sir, if you once begin to talk of your self, we shall ne're stop your Mouth, therefore you shall hear me handle that Subject concisely: ——— You are a vain, noisy, empty, insipid ———

Brev. Fool.

Goof. How's this, Sir, is it manners thus to take the Fool out of a Lady's Mouth?

Ply. I think, Gentlemen, it would be Manners to share your Discourse so, that you might by turns entertain us both. ——— I han't had a syllable from either of you yet.

Goof. That's because this Body of the Law has interpos'd; I know my self accomplish'd with all the Rules of general Conversation, and have suitable Sayings for all Completions.

Ply. I am no stranger, Sir, to your most refin'd way of Discourse.

Goof. You confound me, Madam, with your Encomium, tho I must own the justice of it: Now for you, Madam, [*to Purf.*] let us look fix'd on each other a while, that I may drink up your Eyes with mine; ——— and I that look so brilliant with my own, how glorious shall I appear with the addition of your Rays?

Purf. Still you take care to squeeze in your self; ——— I believe you would suffer more patiently the loss of your Mistress, ——— than be depriv'd of that dear Self-Opinion; ——— and in my Conscience you undergo more hazard of being jilted by your self, than by the most subtle of our Sex.

Goof. What, Madam, do you design to be severe upon me, but I have be-thought my self of a sure way of overpowering you, [*Clapping his Hat before his Face, and taking it away again of a sudden:*] Flash, flash, I gad you're fix'd and transfix'd. ——— What, Lawyer, are you Thunder-struck too?

Brev. What a pox can you mean by this Foppery and Impertinence?

Purf. Come, Couz. let us slip into another Walk, and leave the Blockheads to wrangle by themselves.

[*Exeunt Purf. and Ply.*]

Goof. What was that you said, Sir Foppery and Impertinence; ——— you lye Sir, Foppery in the Face of you, and Impertinence upon your back-side.

[*Hits him a slap in the Face, and a kick on the Breech.*]

Brev. Say you so, Sir? Come on, Sir.

Goof. A Fool, Sir.

Brev. The Lye and a Kick, Sir?

Goof. Impertinent Fop, Sir.

Brev. Ay, Sir.

Goof. Then no more to be said, Sir.

Brev. Then no more to be said neither, if that be all; and so farewell till I meet you next.

[*Exit.*]

Goof. Fare you well too, if you be so huffish.

Enter Bellair.

Bell. I was coming, Sir, with what haste I was able, to prevent mischief, but I find your Prudence has over-balance'd your Passion.

Goof. I gad, Sir, we were very near it; — had I drawn an Inch farther, my Sword had been unsheath'd, and then by this time, this spot of Ground had been delug'd with a Crimson Flood.

Bell. You keep the Field, I see.

Goof. Yes, Sir, the Enemy fled not being able to make Head against the terror of my Puissance, — and e're he rallies again I'll pursue and perfect my Conquest.

[Exit contrary way to Breviat.]

Enter Mrs. Purflew and Mrs. Plyant.

Purf. What are become of the Combatants? — We saw the desperate Action through the Hedge.

Bell. Ha, ha; they have taken different Routs, I suppose, to prevent meeting again, tho, as far as I see, they may do it safely at any time; — they are certainly acting a Farce, or they are the rankest Cowards upon the face of the Earth.

Ply. They are very much in earnest, I'll assure you, Sir, and the Prize they contest for, no less a Stake than this Lady.

Bell. I fear it would be very hazardous for the Lady to trust her Honour under either of their Protections.

Purf. I shall take care never to bring my Honour so far in question to need a Champion for its Defence.

Bell. The most virtuous, Madam, may be subject to Detraction:

Purf. And a publick Vindication seldom abates the Scandal, — Innocence is the surest Guard and the best Defence against a Reproach.

Bell. Now your hand is in, pray Madam, give your Reasoning Faculty the liberty of determining what ought to be the recompence of an unsullied Faith, and how long a time is requir'd to be convinc'd of the reality of Pretensions.

Purf. 'Tis easily answer'd, Sir, — if that Faith respects a Reward, it seems to be too selfish, and therefore deserves none; — and if those Pretensions grow faint and weary, it's a sign they were never real, and therefore ought not to be valu'd.

Ply. Perhaps, Sir, I can give you a more satisfactory Answer; — hark ye, a word in your Ear.

Purf. I vow, Cousin, the Air grows so very cool, it's time we should be going, come away.

Ply. Adieu, Sir, — I know we shan't be long before we see you.

[Exit Purf. and Ply.]

Bell. Come in disguise, bring a Parson with me and *second* Mask'd in a Woman's Habit, this exactly agrees with what the Boy said: — Now methinks the inexpressible Joys begin to appear in view, a sudden warmth shoots

through my Veins ;— my Blood moves quick, and my Breast heaves high, as doubting their force to sustain the approaching Bliss, my hasty Thoughts anticipate the flowing Pleasures, and leave me all dissolv'd with the power of Apprehension. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to a Room in the Alderman's and Sir Nich. House.

Enter Alderman and Sprightly.

Ald. Well, old trusty Trojan, is all things in order?— has the Canonical Black his proper Post of Darkness?— hast giv'n my Niece the Cautionary Instructions, honest old dry Chops, ha?

Spright. Yes, an't please your Honour's Worship, all things are as they should be, and God send the Lawyer be so, all will be well o're, I gad.— I ha shed many a Tear to think on my poor young Mistress to Night, God love her, poor tender Chicken.

Ald. Never doubt her, old *Sprightly* :— I dad, I dad, I shall grow as mad as a *March Hare* to hear the young *Hussie* squeak.— If I should come Caterwawling into the Garrets to Night amongst the Wenches, be sure thou exercisest thy retentive Faculty, dost hear?

Spright. An't like your Worship, I was never given to twittle twattle.

Ald. Don't you babble then, but hold your Clack.

Spright. I'll warrant you, I'll be as silent as a Mouse in a Cheese.

Ald. I hear some body a coming, I believe 'tis the Lawyer, I'll go see. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich. Is every thing in a decent posture, to make an honourable Reception for that true Epitomy of Honour, my spruce Nephew that must be? Alderman *Whim* smoaks nothing of our Project, I'll vow thou merit'st Coat-Armour for thy Cunning and Secrecy :— What think'st of a Cat Couchant, ode-life thou shalt have one for thee and thy whole Posterity.

Spr. Bless your Honour,— seckins I am glad at Heart I can serve your Honour's Worship :— I warrant my young Mistress, Lord save my Child, will feel the Cockles of her Heart leap, when she has got that sweet smock-fac'd Gentleman in Bed with her.— I'll go see that all things be done in print to your Honour's liking. [Exit.]

Sir Nich. Do so, honest *Sprightly*.— Here comes old *Whim* to vent some new-hatch'd Project, I dare say.

Enter Alderman.

Ald. I have been considering of it, Brother, — and find, if the War holds, we must of necessity introduce Polygamy for the supply of Men.

Sir Nick. On my word, Brother, you say well — The *Huns, Lombards, Goths* and *Vandals*, had ne'er made so many Southern Incursions, had they not had a plurality of Wives.

Ald. You shall invent Additions of Honour for them that are most dextrous at Propagation, and add to their former Coats, Bulls, Goats, Stone-horses, and Cock-sparrows — I'dad as old as I am, I'll have for my share half a score at least, and stir about, my little *Seraglio*, the lusty predominant *Alderman, Sultan, Whim*.

Sir Nick. You do well to talk of a *Seraglio*, for were those ten Wives to go loose, the Neck of the best Town-Bull in the Country would not be able to support your Horns.

Ald. But hark ye *Sir Nicholas*, my dear Brother and worthy Knight — Let's consider of disposing of our Charge — I'dad if the gets sensible of her own Power, she'll perhaps bob us both in short.

Sir Nick. Your Advice, dear Brother, is of great Importance — Here I'll read you a List of our Proposals.

Ald. And I'll give you my Opinion.

Sir Nick. *Imprimis*, My Lord *Grimace* promises us Court-preferment.

Ald. He has no Interest there, not so much as to have a Stand-by from the Yeoman-Usher.

Sir Nick. *Item*, My Lord *Supple* says he'll make his Appearance for us in the Country at the next Elections.

Ald. His Honour is ham-string'd by bowing two ways at once, therefore his Cringes will be of no farther use. But here's the Company a coming, to morrow we'll settle this Matter, and dedicate this Night to Mirth.

Enter at one Door Breviat, Goosandelo, Sapless and Eager, at the other Plyant and Jocond Mask'd; soon after Purslew also Mask'd.

Goos. Oh, you Heavens! what, the Ladies in Masquerade! — had we known that, we would have been in Habits too. — I wou'd have been the Great *Mogul*, Brother of the Stars, and Son of the Sun, and have out-shin'd my Glorious Father himself: — The Lawyer should have been *Prestor John* of *Aethiopia*, *Mr. Sapless*, *Garagantua*; and honest *Jack Eager*, *Pantagruel*.

Sir Nick. It's no matter, the Ladies shall Unmask presently. — Pray Place your selves, Fiddles: Strike up.

[The Fiddles flourish.]

Enter Tipstaff, and Constables.

Ald. Hey-day, what's here to do? — What, *Sir Nicholas*, is your *Arcadian* Pastoral to be perform'd by Tipstaves and Constables?

Tip. By your leave, Gentlemen, our Business is with one *John Eager*, alias *Curryman*: here's the Gentleman, seize him.

Sir Nick. What, what's the matter? what Process have you against *Mr. Eager*?

Tip. Only.

Tip. Only a Warrant, Sir, that Charges him with a few small Forgeries, of Bonds, Wills, and Indentures; that's all, Sir.

Eag. So now must I be clapt up betwixt a pair of Iron-Grates, and squeez'd dry, and then be turn'd loose for new Exploits——That's the main business I protest, Gentlemen.

Const. Away with him, away with him. [*The Constable carries off Eager.*]

Ald. I dad I began to believe this *Eager* was a sort of a Dangerous Spark.

Sir Nich. You wou'd not believe me, Brother; for my part, I saw it in his Eyes, and discover'd the Perfidy of his Soul through the Port-holes of his Body.—Now, now stand clear.

An Entertainment of Singing and Dancing by Sheppards and Satyrs; in the beginning of which, Sprightly slips off, Goolandelo and Jocond at one Door, and Breviate and Plyant at the other, who soon after return again. At the latter End of the Dance, Bellair appears in Disguise.

A SONG, in Dialogue, Sung by Mr. Reading and Mrs. Hodgson:
Set by Mr. John Eccles.

1 **C**OME, Thyrsis, come; let us our Voices try,
And Charm the Woods with Orphean Melody.

2 This is the Glorious Annual Night,
That first gave fair Corinna Light.

1 The Bright Corinna,

2 Divine Corinna.

1 Corinna, who has Joys in store;

2 Corinna, whom all Eyes adore:

[Both.] Corinna, who, &c.

1 Come, let us of her Graces tell,
Charms that do Themselves excell.

2 Let us softest Notes reberse,
And Sing her Beauties in Immortal Verse.

[Both.] Let us softest, &c.

CHORUS.

We'll all joyn in Chorus, and Ecco her Praise;
Pay our Vows to the Gods, to smile on her Days:
May she ever be Gay, may she ever be Young;
At our Harmony sweet, and as soft as our Song.

Sir Nichl.

Sir Nich. Very well perform'd, the Interlude we'll have after Supper.

Ald. Brother, Brother ; Pray what Spark is this that looks so big, and struts about at this Rate ?

Sir Nich. It may be he is dropt from the Sky, for I know nothing of him.

Brev. [Leading up Plyant to the Alderman and Sir Nicholas] Gentlemen, I have the Honour to be your Nephew, and humbly beg you will Approve the Choice your Niece has made.

Ald. Ay, Niece : Have you been too nimble for us ? Come, Brother, since 'tis so, Mr. Breviat is an ingenious worthy Gentleman, let's with 'em Joy.

Sir Nich. Ounz, what's the meaning of this ?

Goof. [Leading up Jocond.] Ah, ah, ah ; Faith, Lawyer, you are a little beside the Point : Gentlemen, your Beautifull Niece has deliver'd her fair Person to me. — Under therefore your benign Aspect, we shall shine the two brightest Glories of this your Hemisphere.

Ald. What a pox is the matter now ?

Sir Nich. Ay, ay, Brother ; Mr. *Goofandelo* is a Person of Honour and Quality ; I think we shall do well to Congratulate the Match.

Bell. [Leading up Mr. Purflew.] Make room here, I lay claim to this Lady, who lately bore the Name of *Purflew*, and am ready to justify my Title.

Sir Nich. }

& } Bless us, who's this ?

Alderm. }

Purflew [Discovering her self.] I hope, Uncles, the different Measures in each of your Conducts will excuse my Choice of this Gentleman, whom I have made my Husband.

Ald. Pray will you all Unmask, that these Riddles may be explain'd.

Bell. [Discovering himself.] My Name is *Bellair* ; it shall be my Care to set a true Value on the Blessing I have obtain'd.

Omnes. Coll. *Bellair* !

Ald. Who have you got, Mr. Breviat ? [Plyant discovering her self.] What, my Couzin Plyant !

Brev. O Lord, what will become of me when I go the Circuit ! — Faith I may now go and take a gentle Swing into the other World, and so finish the Law upon my self.

Ply. Don't despair, Sir ; now I am yours, I may be allow'd to own my Affections for you, and since Custom deprives our Sex of making Court where we like ; when I was assur'd of my Couz *Purflew's* Pre-engagement, I took this method, and shall, I hope, by my Duty, procure your Esteem.

Goof. [Jocond discovering himself.] Oh ye Powers above, I have Married a Boy here.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Goof. And Ha, ha, ha, too : — I gad I'm glad on't, it's a very pritty Boy by my Soul : come to my Arms, my dear little *Ganymede*.

Ald. Fine doings, I dad. — Ah, Brother, we are well enough serv'd for being so distrustfull of each other.

Sir Nich.

Sir Nich. Since my Niece has dispos'd of her self — I am glad she has made Choice of you, Sir: — I am not unacquainted with the Family of the *Bellairs*, and you, *Collonel*, have added fresh Lawrels to the Deeds of your worthy Ancestors, and have maintain'd an indispurable Character of a Man of Honour. — Come, let's have another Dance, and so in to the Collation.

A DANCE by Two Sheppardegges.

Sir Nich. Come, now to Supper.

Bell. Then to that grand Regale of Bliss, where famish'd Love may make an insatiate Feast of Beauty.

Purf. What share, Sir, I have of it, is but a just Reward for your faithfull Passion.

They're for'd to Flames, that Int'rest do's impart;
Nothing but Love's a Purchase for a Heart.

Exeunt.

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

Spoke by Miss Howard, in Pages Habit.

I Find I'm forward in my Tender Age,
 And shew the Early Manhood of a Page.
 I dare already for a Mistress Tilt,
 Bully a Bawd, and Kick a Ban'ring Jilt;
 Can cheat at Cards, Slur, Strike, or Palm a Dye,
 Break Windows too, with Mid-night Gallantry.
 Thus being qualify'd, I need not fear,
 To go abroad a Taring Volunteer,
 And be a Captain by another Tear.
 Ladies, look to't, by ~~that~~ time I come back,
 I shall have learnt to Manage an Attack;
 I'll Court you then in Military Strain,
 And, by my Dint of Conduct, Conquest gain:
 But e'er I bid adieu, Faith I've a mind
 To leave you some good Wishes here behind.
 May Virgin 'ne'er her first Desires baulk,
 So fall to feeding upon Coals or Chaulk.
 May never Wife any Occasion miss,
 To wipe her Lips of Husband's nauseous Kiss.
 May no Rich Widow e'er her Kindness smother,
 Or spare to pay the Pains of Younger Brother.
 May none of either Sex, e'er fail to find,
 A Lover constant, or a Mistress kind.

F I N I S.

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